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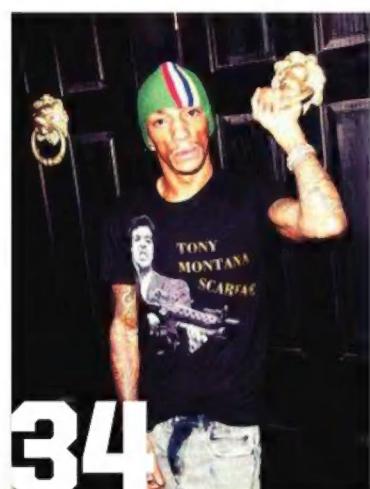
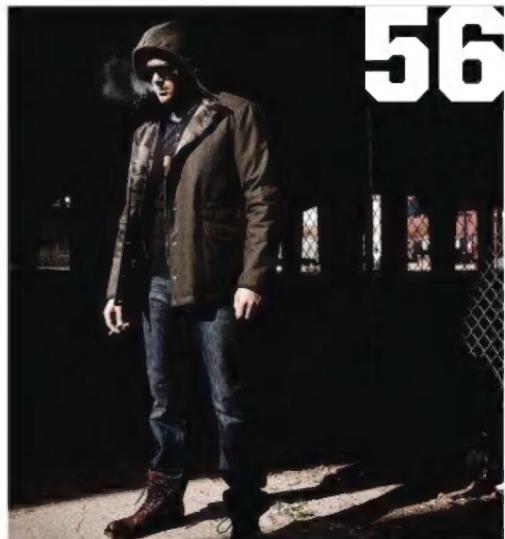


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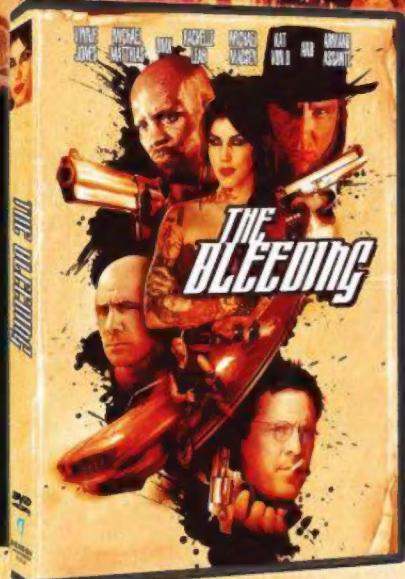
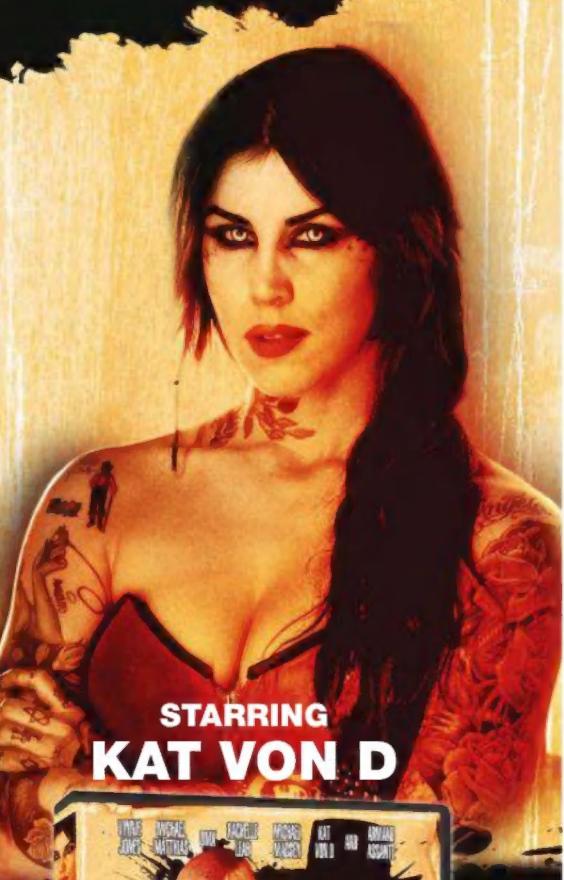
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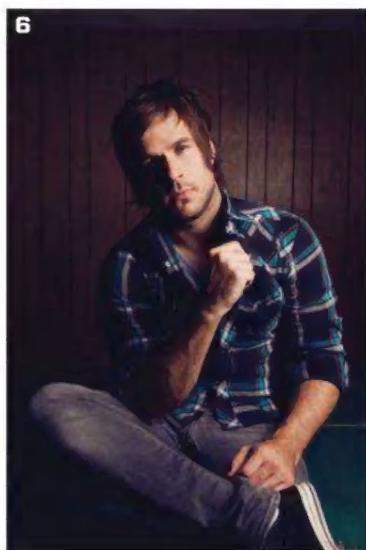
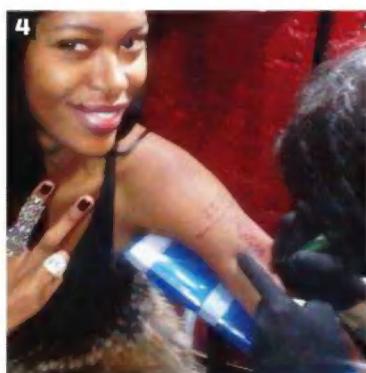
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While most parents will say that they love all their children equally, I have a particular affinity for what we produced this month. Our Spring Fashion issue highlights how tattoo culture has influenced the world of style and is anchored by an interview Suzanne Weinstock (1) conducted with Scott Campbell—who created a line for Louis Vuitton, the label designed by his friend and tattoo client Marc Jacobs. We also spotlight tattoo artist Jun Cha, who collaborated with The Hundreds and C1RCA. And for a peek behind the scenes in the fashion industry, Ray Lego (2) photographed Simone Reyes, who chats about being an executive assistant to Russell Simmons, the mogul in charge of Phat Farm, Argyleculture, and American Classics.

As the *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Issue hits newsstands, former *S/I* swimsuit model Jessica White (4) approached us to star in Warwick Saint's (3) anti-swimsuit pictorial; more than a stunning face, White shares her most intimate thoughts through her own verse. And keeping with the no-swimsuit theme, we asked writer Brittany Ineson (5) to check in with Sailor Jerry Pin-up Calendar contest winner Laydi Marie, who has proven to be one of our readers' favorite models (we've gotten tons of Tweets, posts, and letters asking to see more of her; you're welcome).

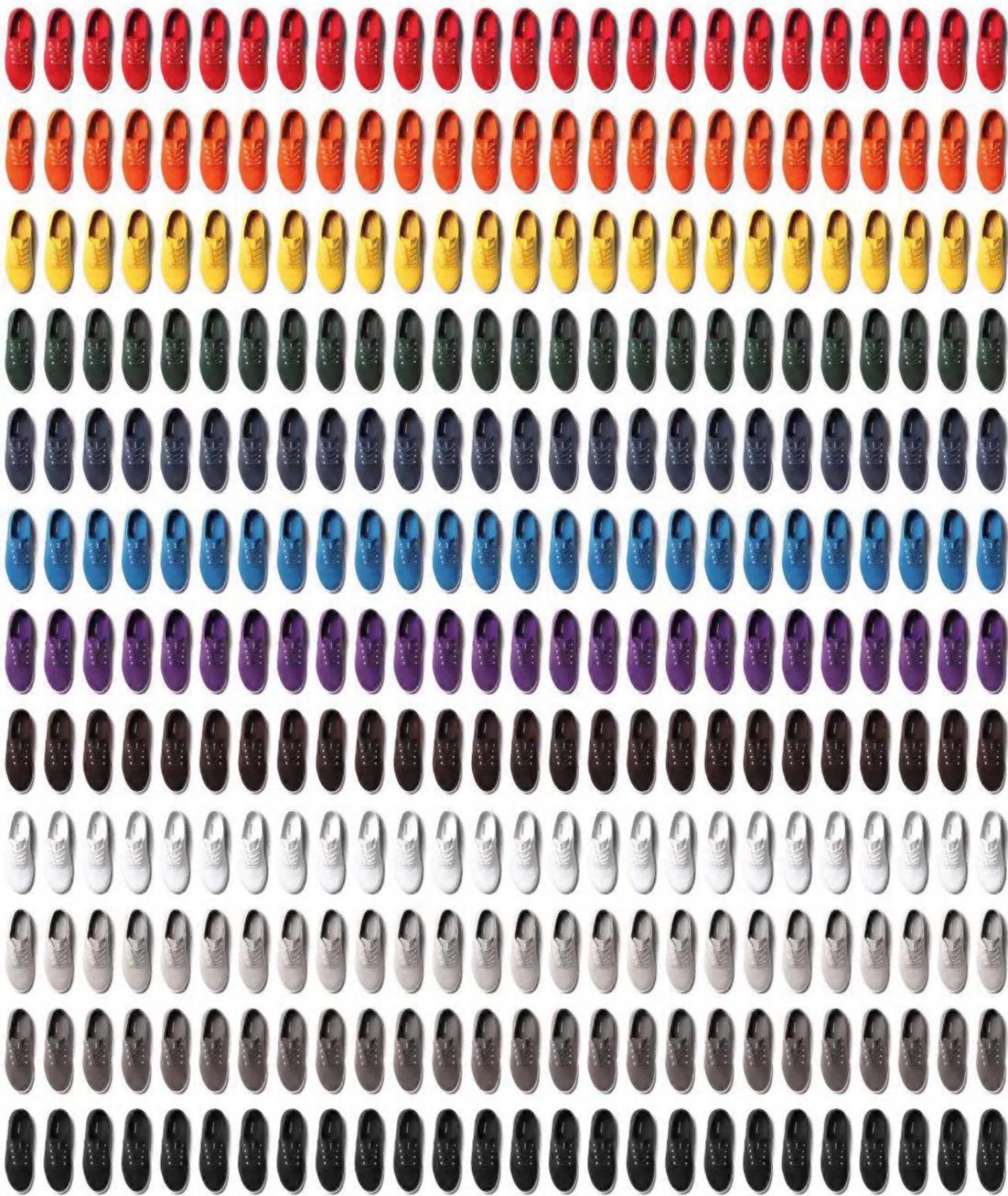
We also traveled near and far to give you a broader taste of tattoo culture: Caleb Kuhl (6) visited Kustom Thrills Tattoo, in Nashville, to document the work of its burgeoning artists, and Jennifer Goldstein went to New Zealand, one the birthplaces of tattooing, to bring back an amazing story as well as a Maori hip piece (7).

What really hit home for me, however, was the trip we took to the Dropkick Murphys' Irish Boston sports pub, which was photographed by Angela Boatwright (8). Why? I love punk, I'm half Irish (my mother's side—don't scratch your head over my surname), and I'm from New England. As I sit and type this in Lucky 7, my favorite bar in my adopted home of Jersey City, NJ, Jayne Gourgiotis (the bartender featured in Drink) just poured me a stiff shot of Jameson Irish whiskey.

Cheers!

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Rocky Rakovic".

Rocky Rakovic
Editor
editor@inkedmag.com



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BOLD WORDS

I just wanted to thank you for publishing Omari Hardwick's poem. Spoken word is art; it's rap without a beat, yet no other magazine I have seen has the balls to run it—probably because they don't think everybody will get the poetry. But by putting it out there you give people a chance to be exposed to true art.

Damien Hazard

Sunset Park, NY

WILD ON PONTIUS

I like Chris Pontius because he is crazy and I hadn't thought about how nutty his tattoos are until I saw his shoot in INKED.

Elise Colter

Winnipeg, Manitoba

FROM GOOD TO GREAT

Out of all the tattoo magazines I've seen, yours is by far the best. Every other magazine has a bunch of pictures of hot tattooed girls and interesting tattoos, which is by no means a bad thing; but with INKED, you have really captured the lifestyle and culture in a way that is unrivaled. I'm glad there's a magazine that gets that there's more to tattoo culture than just tattoos; the music, art, clothes, and people are just as important. Thank you for a great magazine, and please keep up the good work!

Morgan Reynolds

Forked River, NJ

I am an INKED reader for life! Just opening the mailbox on the day my



EVE

Carlos Avina

You guys are the sexiest thing I read on my iPad ... well, maybe ;)

Veronica Rzotkiewicz

I love it! Eve looks smoking hot, I really enjoyed the article.

ICON, BUGS

Malibu Stacey

Bugs is the absinthe of tattooing!! Cheers!!

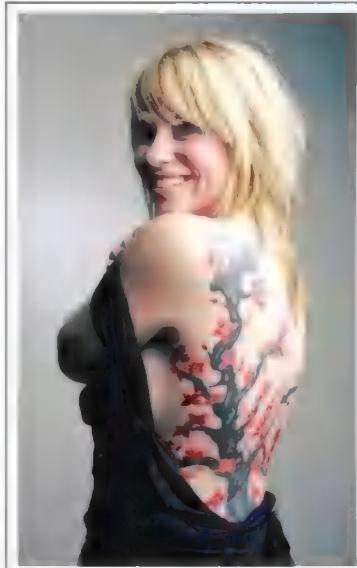
INKED GIRL, EL WOOD

Jason Hatcher

I like the ink on her back (the roses and the fingers in the shape of a heart). A woman's back is beautiful—even better with a cool tattoo on it.

Don Martel

Beautiful ink on a beautiful woman makes the world a more beautiful place.



READER OF THE MONTH

DIANA WHITE

Dallas, TX

Want to be a Reader of the Month?
Email photos to inkedgirl@inkedmag.com

issue arrives puts the biggest smile on my face. Thank you for creating a magazine that applies to all of my interests: tattoos, music, style, beautiful people (inside and out), and art. Keep up the great work!

Tamara Rose

Temecula, CA

FASHIONABLE MAIL

The Heartbreak Hotel shoot was awesome. I don't normally buy clothes based on fashion shoots but I

appreciate the pictures nonetheless. This time I ordered the Elvis shirt.

Harry Etheridge

Auburn, AL

THUMBS UP TO THE PINUP

You will be selling a lot of magazines due to Laydi Marie's photo on the cover of the INKED Sailor Jerry Pin-up Calendar. Good choice! There's something special about her...

Bill and Deb Duval

Monroe, NY



WRITE US. Got something to say? Send all praise, notes of complaint, story suggestions, and other comments to letters@inkedmag.com. All submissions should include the writer's name and address. Letters may be edited for clarity, length, and content. Also join the party at facebook.com/inkedmag.



MY FIRST INK

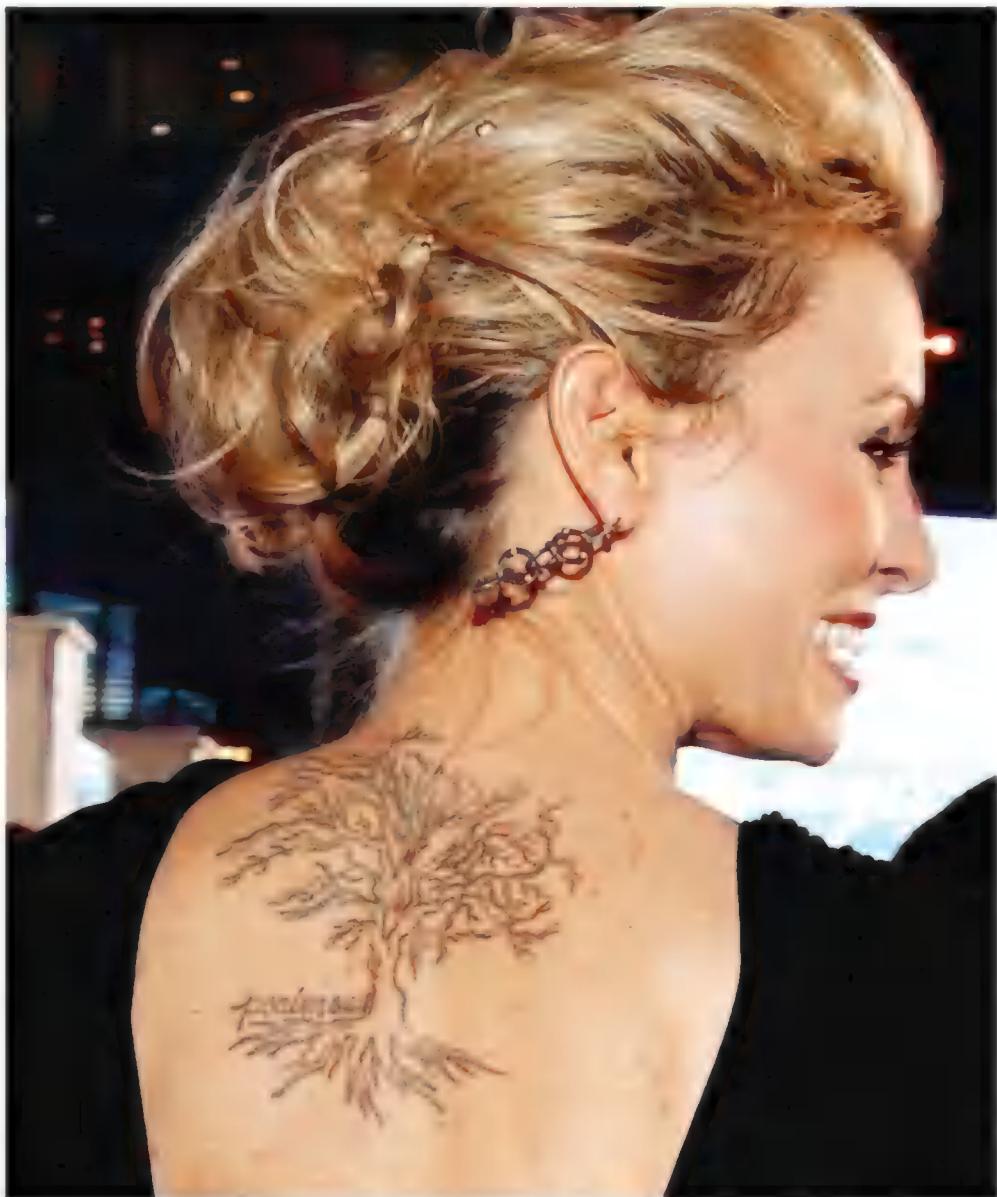
Name: Nikki Star

Occupation: makeup artist

Hometown: White Hall, AR

My first tattoo is a tribal design on my upper left arm. I was 15 years old, a rebel kid who was angry at the world and addicted to pain, so I went to Heartbreak Tattoo to get it. There is no meaning at all other than it looked cool. I wish I were talking about my other 32 tattoos because this one makes me sound like a douche! Now I usually get most of my tattoos on a whim—when I feel inspired, have a breakthrough, go through a traumatic experience, or simply in celebration.

PHOTO BY WARWICK SAINT



TAYLOR MADE

At the People's Choice Awards, former supermodel Niki Taylor wore a plunging dress that showed off her leafless tree tattoo. That's right, the woman who was the face of CoverGirl and Liz Claiborne—and who turns 36 this month—has a beautifully eerie back piece.

TATTOOS FOR BUCKS (BUT NOT MONEY)

In the nonlucrative world of college football, five Ohio State Buckeye players were suspended when it was found out that they sold championship rings, jerseys, and awards, and allegedly bartered for tattoos. When the NCAA suspended them for five games—but not the upcoming bowl game—the OSU athletic director Gene Smith said, "I learned more about tattoos than I ever really want to possibly know." Standout quarterback Terrelle Pryor defended himself on Twitter by posting, "I paid for my tattoos. Go Bucks."



IMMORTAL INK

They say how a man leads his life can be measured by how many people make it to his funeral. But how about by how many people mark him on their skin? Sean Stennett (far left) must have been a very special person; at press time, almost 100 people have gotten memorial tattoos to immortalize the Saginaw, MI, native, who was gunned down in December. Drunken Monkey Tattoos paid homage to him by tattooing those in the community with a swath taken from Stennett's tribal band.



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CELTIC SAUCE

Whack for the daddy-o, there's whiskey in the bar.

The Irish have given the United States St. Patrick's Day, witty toasts, Irish whiskey, and six times its population (there are more than 36 million self-reported Irish-Americans in the U.S., and about 6 million people in Ireland). Every March 17 we celebrate all four. There are also four rules of Irish whiskey. The stuff has to be made on Irish soil, aged for three years in wooden casks, and triple distilled—compared to Scotch whisky's two distillations. But the most important thing that makes Irish whiskey special is that it is to be enjoyed with a "blessing." Here are a few choice ones.

- May you die in bed, shot by a jealous spouse.
- It is better to spend money like there's no tomorrow than to spend tonight like there's no money.
- May the good Lord take a liking to you ... but not too soon.
- May the wind at your back never be your own.
- Here's a toast to your enemies' enemies.
- May you live as long as you want, and never want as long as you live.
- As you slide down the banister of life may the splinters never point the wrong way.

Sláinte! —Robert McCormick

WHISKEY BUSINESS

Lucky 7 Tavern's Jayne Gourgiotis is the toast of Jersey City, NJ.

INKED: How would you describe Jersey City?

Jayne: It's a younger Brooklyn. It's 10 minutes into Manhattan, has a good art scene, grit, but not as many strollers as Park Slope.

What's Lucky 7 like? It's a dive bar but not a scary one. We get a lot of regulars so it feels more like a hangout than a bar. The jukebox is great too; it has everything from Billy Bragg to the Buzzcocks.

The décor is interesting. When I started here the walls were bare, so I took pictures of everyone drinking and having a good time. Now the walls are filled up with our dysfunctional family.

We see a lot of tattoos in the photos. There are now three tattoo shops a few blocks from the bar.

Do you get your work done in any of them? Yes, I go to Chuck Daly at Jersey City Tattoo Company for colored traditional American tattoos. Right now he's working on an awesome leg piece for me; it's a dagger with a snake wrapped with rosebuds.

What do people normally drink in here? It's definitely a beer and whiskey shot bar.

Can you do a shot with us? Only if it is Jameson.

BUSHMILLS

Northern Ireland's Old Bushmills was founded in 1608, as is proudly displayed on the bottle. Their white-labeled signature is light and warm. It's best for those who don't often imbibe Irish whiskey but want to have a tipple with the group.

TULLAMORE DEW

If you prefer something more golden and buttery, grab Tullamore Dew—the preference of that Girl With the Dragon Tattoo: "When she drank beer, she did not care about what brand or type it was. ... When she ordered whiskey, she always chose Tullamore Dew."

JAMESON

The number-one-selling Irish whiskey in the world is Jameson with a bullet, err, shot. The spicy and nutty elixir is probably the most recognizable in the States. It's a required part of an Irish Car Bomb for good reason: It tastes better than any.

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Clockwise from top left: *My God Rides a Skateboard*; WC; Pachl's tattoo; Spejbl & Hurvínek Tattoo; Winter Jesus.



OFF THE WALL

To Ludek Pesek Pachl
nothing is sacred, except art.

Irreverent yet heartfelt, Ludek Pesek Pachl's intricate dioramas use found objects lovingly placed in, for example, a hollowed-out television set. Czech fixtures Spejbl and Hurvínek (think Bart and Homer) cavort about in fetish gear in one, then protest the Soviet invasion of Prague in the next. His paintings, humorous and grotesque alike, subvert icons from Santa and Jesus to The Ramones.

With unadulterated self-expression, his art keeps the elements of a pure punk attitude but is created with a keen hand and mature aesthetic. This spills over into his business venture, which is a work of art itself.

"My shop is a gallery, studio, oasis, and art pub," Pachl says of his store in Berlin's hip Prenzlauer Berg. Art and persona merge here: His shop, named Tuzex after the communist state-owned stores that sold luxury goods to foreigners—in order to prove that life behind the Iron Curtain wasn't as harsh as reported and to use communism for capitalism—is a

wink to the past, with an eye on the future of art. He's morphed his experiences as a punk rocker in communist Czechoslovakia into an authority-flouting private enterprise; works that once might have landed him in prison are now on display in countless galleries in Europe.

Tattoo, hardcore, and skate culture also appears in his work: Spejbl and Hurvínek get tattooed in one of his dioramas, and *My God Rides a Skateboard* features Jesus with a board instead of a cross. The title is taken from West German hardcore band the Spermbirds.

Pachl's tattoos—including a back piece featuring the work of Czech satirist Josef Lada—reflect both his cultural heritage and commitment to his beliefs, which in turn reflect his undying creativity and his tenacity and business savvy in the free market that was first introduced to him in his adult life. "I provoke my roots and live from it, and that satisfies me," he says. —Andrew Loughnane

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WAS EVERYBODY KUNG FU FIGHTING?

When little Jimmy brings home his report card, he gets a gold star and a spot on the fridge. When our kid brings home his progress report, it gets hung with these Ninja Shuriken Magnets (two for \$18, yankodesign.com).



ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK

Turntables had been doing little more than collecting dust until Pixelthis transformed them into clocks (\$129, etsy.com).



BAG OF BONES

Alexander McQueen lent his skull pattern to this gorgeous cushion (\$675, therugcompany.info for stores). Long live McQueen.



HAPPY FEET

Boxers and socks don't get much exposure in your overall look, but at least boxers come in awesome patterns. Now Stance gives artists a sock canvas (\$14, stance.com), which you can rock by showing a little leg.



CHINESE EMPIRE

Two issues we have with Chinese takeout chopsticks: They splinter, and they don't look like light sabers. That's why we eat lo mein with Chop Sabers (\$20, shop.starwars.com)—then read our fortune cookies like Yoda: "Rabbit year of great luck during."



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ENTERTAINMENT



GET SOME GREEN ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY

On March 17, people will be celebrating St. Patrick's Day with a couple pints of the black stuff and some corned beef, but the day is also sacred for sports gamblers:

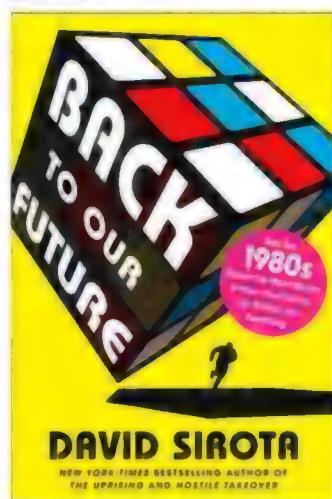
It's the real beginning of the NCAA Basketball Tournament. We spoke to noted gambling sharp Steve Fezzik for a few betting tips.

The tourney's first few days cram

48 games into four action-packed days, so it's very easy to be overwhelmed. You'll be tempted to bet on everything, but Fezzik says discipline is key if you want to make money. In the history of the Tournament, a one seed has never lost in the first round, so common wisdom would be to bet them; but due to the exaggerated point spreads in these games, Fezzik advocates doing the opposite. "Some of the best bets in the tournament are the 16 seeds, close to game time, when even Grandma has a bet on Kentucky." The timing of when you place your wager is crucial. Betting underdogs the first couple of days is most profitable if done right when the lines are released; if an underdog is looking popular the line will get less favorable as the game approaches.

In recent years it has become increasingly popular to bet on 12 seeds to upset five seeds. Fezzik believes that this is because 12 seeds tend to be good teams from small conferences and because "smaller schools are usually hungrier for the win." But above all, Fezzik warns: "Don't fall in love with your bracket. Don't wager on a team just because you picked them to go far a couple of weeks ago." —Charlie Connell

BOOK



AWESOME ECONOMICS

Back to Our Future: How the 1980s Explain the World We Live in Now—Our Culture, Our Politics, Our Everything says that a generation of the individual-obsessed have Michael Jordan and Alex P. Keaton to blame. David Sirota also touches on how *The A-Team* made it okay for our wars to be fought by contractors and how the machinations of Sergeant Slaughter and The Iron Sheik color our approach to foreign policy. —Anthony Vargas

MOVIES



BATTLE: LOS ANGELES

After the horrendous *Skyline* ripped off moviegoers who had the displeasure of wasting their time, eyesight, and money on that poor excuse of a film, the promising *Battle: Los Angeles* comes along to hopefully deliver a smart, intense, and engaging alien invasion. From the looks of the talent involved, it just might succeed. Aaron Eckhart and Michelle Rodriguez star in this film in which Earth's major cities have been obliterated by extra-terrestrial invaders, and the last stand takes place in—you guessed it—Los Angeles. —Gilbert Macias



THE ADJUSTMENT BUREAU

Based on the short story by Philip K. Dick (whose stories have also been adapted into movies like *Total Recall* and *Blade Runner*), this thriller is about a politician (Matt Damon) on the brink of earning a seat in the U.S. Senate who meets a stunning ballerina (Emily Blunt). Paralyzed by her beauty, he is confronted by mysterious men who try to keep the two of them apart. As these agents of fate try to steer him on his predetermined path, the two quickly find themselves on the run facing overwhelming odds. This looks like a hell of a ride. —G.M.



SUCKER PUNCH

Zack Snyder (*300*, *Watchmen*) is back with yet another action-fantasy, this time with ass-kicking babes rather than naked, blue musclemen and Spartans. This epic follows Baby Doll, a girl with a vivid imagination powerful enough to let her escape into a realistic dream world that blurs the line of what's real and what's not. Imprisoned and held against her will, she soon recruits femme fatales all equipped with various powers to engage in a war against their captives and other crazy shit like samurais and dragons. —G.M.

DVD



127 HOURS

Oscar-winning director Danny Boyle (*Trainspotting*, *28 Days Later*, *Slumdog Millionaire*) didn't disappoint with *127 Hours*. Based on a true story about a mountain climber who finds himself between a rock and a hard place with his arm pinned by a boulder, what he does to survive is bone-chilling. Known for one particular scene that's made some audience members pass out, the film features an Oscar-worthy performance by James Franco. Take it home, but don't watch it alone if you have a history of fainting. —G.M.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: ANTHONY CRATER #10 OF THE SOUTH FLORIDA BULLS GUARDS, PEYTON SIVA #3 OF THE LOUISVILLE CARDINALS, J. MERIC/GETTY IMAGES; 127 HOURS, CHUCK ZLOTNIK

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VIDEO GAMES



DRAGON AGE II

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360, PC

Dragon Age: Origins won over retro gamers with its Baldur's Gate-style role-playing system and well-crafted story. But compared with BioWare's sci-fi blockbuster Mass Effect, the graphics looked as old as the medieval setting. Rather than pick up where the first game left off, Dragon Age II tells the story of Hawke, a refugee who becomes a legendary warrior. Using a framed narrative structure, BioWare skips the boring training montages and slaps you straight into the heat of the battles. The new dialogue system better informs you of the tone your character will take in conversation, which should help you bed a fair number of maidens in between quests. **PLAY IF YOU LIKE:** BALDUR'S GATE, THE LORD OF THE RINGS, A GAME OF THRONES —Matt Bertz



HOMEFRONT

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360, PC

In a move to stand out from the Call of Duty copycats, THQ tapped writer John Milius—the man who inspired the character Walter Sobchak in *The Big Lebowski* and who penned *Red Dawn*, *Apocalypse Now*, and HBO's *Rome*—to bring a fresh perspective to the stale military shooter genre. Milius crafted a somber story in which Korea invades America after our economy collapses. With no standing army, the country is relying on the resistance movement. Winning won't be easy, as you and your band are severely outnumbered and the Koreans are armed to the teeth and laser-focused on crushing the uprising. The battle extends online with 32-player, battlefield-style skirmishes featuring tanks, choppers, and mechanized drones. **PLAY IF YOU LIKE:** RED DAWN, HALF-LIFE 2, FRONTLINES: FUEL OF WAR —M.B.



FIGHT NIGHT CHAMPION

PLATFORMS: PLAYSTATION 3, XBOX 360

The first M-rated game from EA Sports comes out of the corner with a flurry of punches. *Fight Night Champion* has a new story mode that chronicles the rise of a boxing prodigy as he battles shady promoters and intimidating fighters. It also has new training systems that give you more control over building the perfect prizefighter. A champion needs to change his game to stay on top, and EA retains the belt by removing the haymaker, adding one-punch knockouts, and fine-tuning the controls to make it easier to string together combos. Attack is only one half of the art of boxing, so pugilists planning to stand toe to toe with Tyson and Ali must familiarize themselves with the new reflexive blocking system or risk hitting the mat. **PLAY IF YOU LIKE:** THE FIGHTER, ESPN 30 FOR 30, MIKE TYSON'S PUNCH-OUT!! —M.B.



THE Inked PLAYLIST

BY JONAH BAYER

JONATHAN TYLER & THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

"Gypsy Woman"

Great if you want classic rock without feeling like you're wallowing in nostalgia.

CAKE

"Sick of You"

Get ready to fall in love all over again.

SOCIAL DISTORTION

"Machine Gun Blues"

The new Social Distortion song sounds exactly like Social Distortion—which is all we want.

GANG OF FOUR

"Never Pay for the Farm"

More than 30 years after their formation, the postpunk group is still evolving their brand of innovative postpunk.

MOGWAI
"Rano Pano"

Equal parts dissonant riffing and melodic motifs.

THE JOY FORMIDABLE

"I Don't Want to See You Like This"

After hearing this you'll wonder how you ever lived without them.

THE GET UP KIDS

"Tithe"

Their first album in seven years opens with this, the most aggressive song they've ever written.

THE PARTING GIFTS

"I Don't Wanna Be Like This"

Frontman Greg Cartwright creates an instant psychedelic classic.

THE MOUNTAIN GOATS

"Tyler Lambert's Grave"

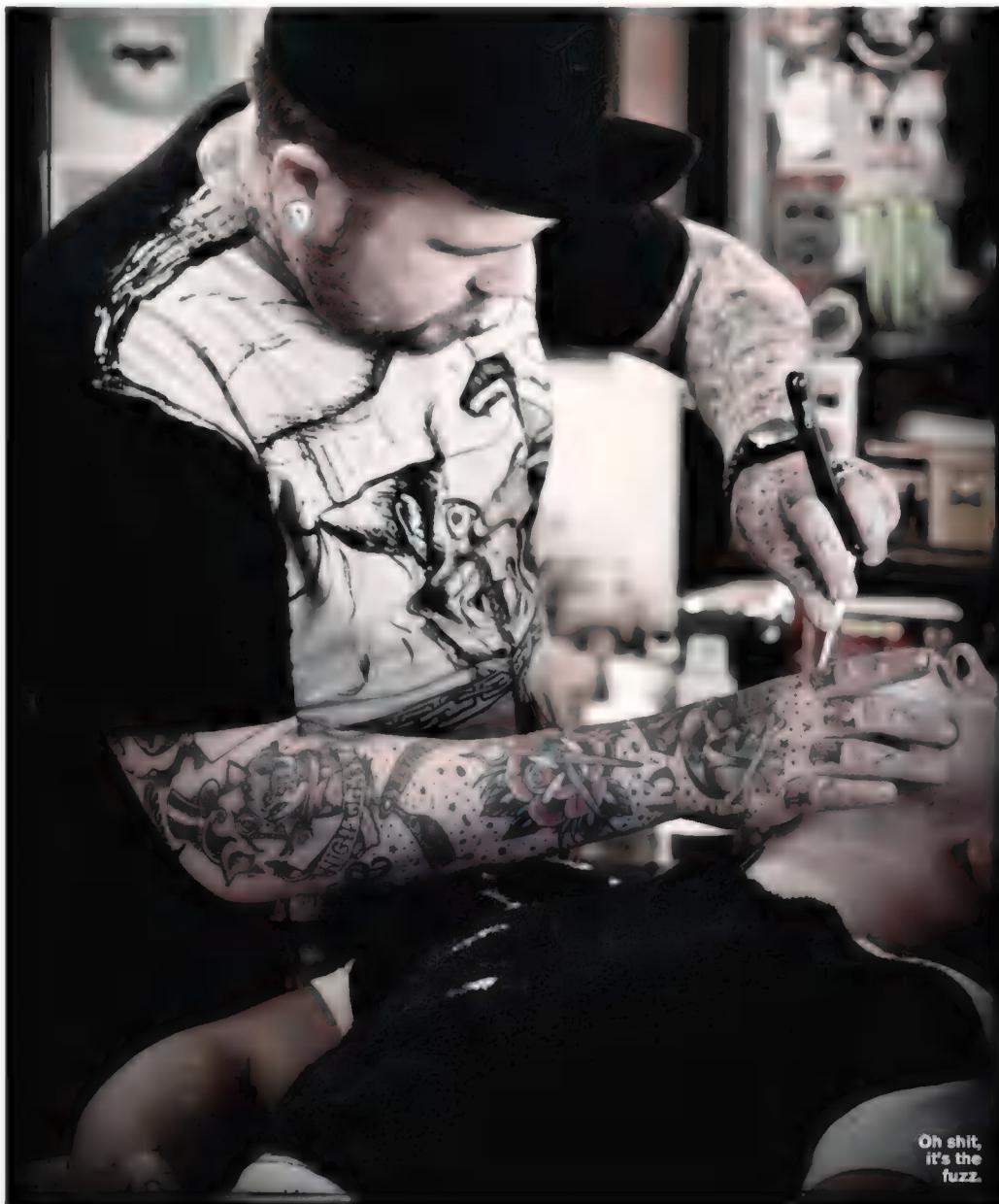
The Mountain Goats released this song via Twitter.

BRIGHT EYES

"Coyote Song"

Conor Oberst hasn't lost an ounce of passion while pursuing his other musical projects.





STAY SHARP

Whether you get your buzz on or you're into the straight-edge lifestyle, keep your beard in check.

A great American once said that a man without a beard is like a lion without a mane. We agree. And since facial hair has made a comeback in the age of technology, the days of sudsy mugs are over, and your face is easier to maintain. "The clean shave is really dying out at the moment," says master barber Vinnie Morey, co-owner of Proper Barbershop in Hollywood, CA. "But the mustache is making a full-on comeback in 2011, and guys are rocking everything from scruffy five-o'clock shadows to neat and lined beards." There's just one caveat: You have to keep your chin clean.

Shaving soap is antiquated, but the straight blade is in. "The goal is to *not* butcher your face," says Morey of the straight blade. "So don't be fooled by the ease and speed with which your master barber uses one." If you decide to leave the straight razor to the professionals, there are still plenty of options, since modern vanities are veritable toolsheds. "Play around with different tools to figure out what works best for creating and maintaining your look," suggests Morey. Here are a few options that will keep you from looking like Zach Galifianakis. —Melanie Rud



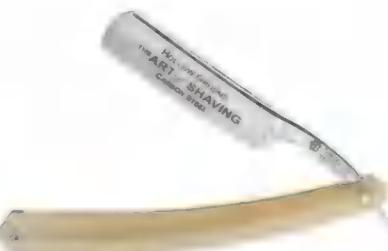
LUCKY TIGER MOUSTACHE WAX

Use this wax (\$6.75, getluckytiger.com) to twirl your 'stache into the shape you want and keep it in place. "Mustache waxes are also great for taming your face bush," says Morey. Just rub a little dab between your palms and smooth it on for your desired look.



SCHICK HYDRO 5 BLADE RAZOR

Traditional razors are the most consumer-friendly, says Morey, who recommends them as the best option for daily home use. This new one from Schick (\$8, drugstores) has built-in skin guards to help reduce irritation and a flip trimmer that allows all five blades to get at your hair.



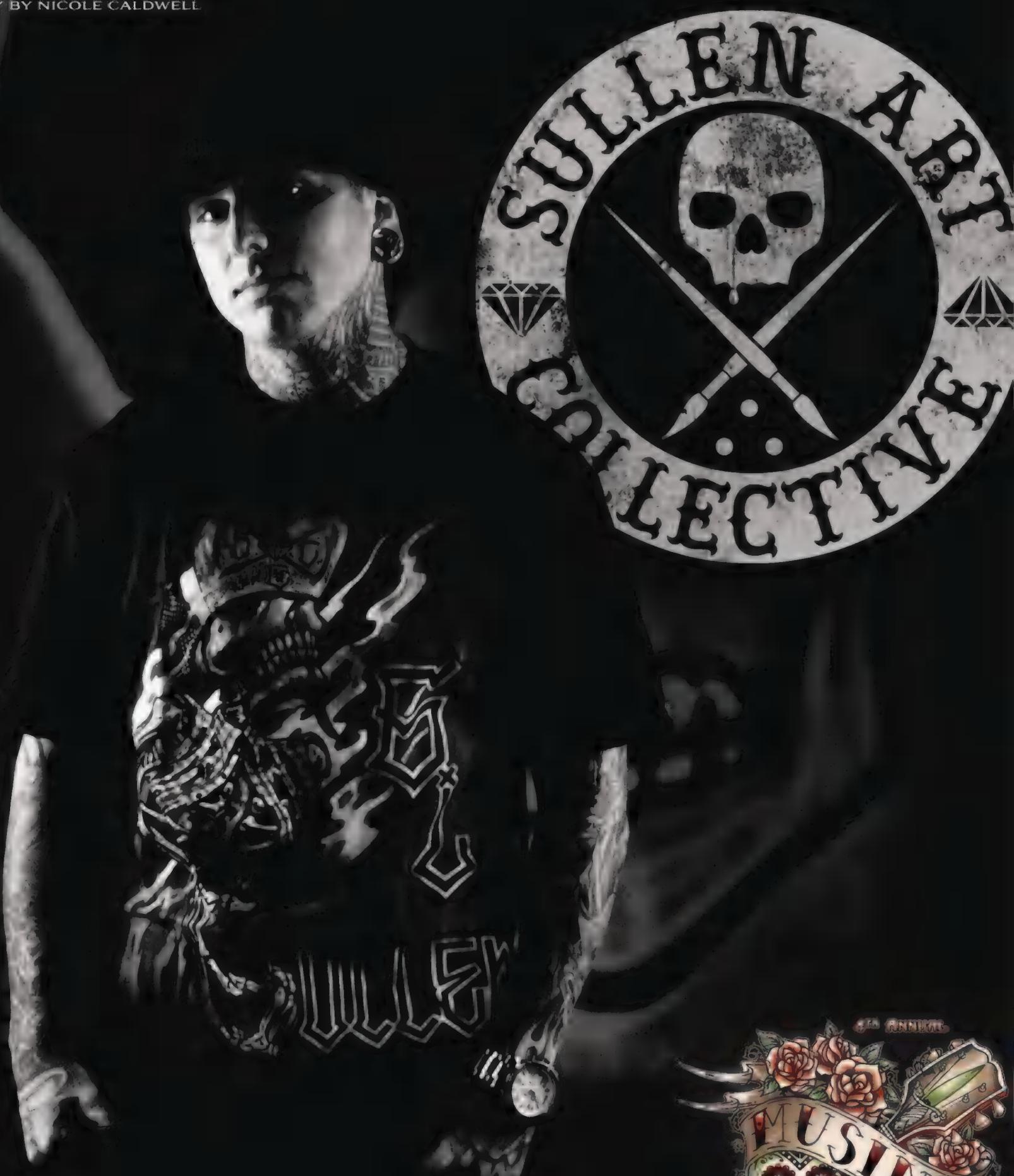
THE ART OF SHAVING STRAIGHT RAZOR

The key to this oldie but goodie (\$260, theartofshaving.com) is patience: Take your time and shave *slowly*. This piece, which features a hollow steel blade to ensure the closest shave possible, is a good option for occasions when you need a super-smooth and clean look, like cousin Joe's wedding.



PHILIPS NORELCO VACUUM BEARD TRIMMER

If you buy an electric razor, make sure to invest in an option with multiple length settings, like this one (\$50, amazon.com), which also saves your sink drain by vacuuming up trimmings. Use it to style and shape longer beards or to trim shorter scruff every few days.



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DENVER

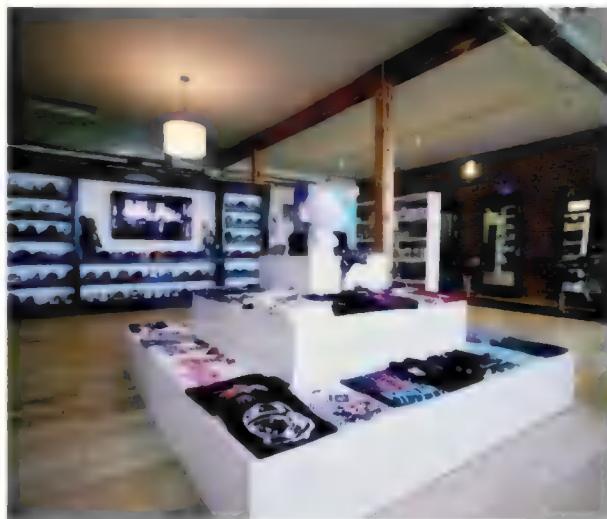
Tattooer Zeb Palmer suggests what to do when you're a mile high.

You may find yourself in Denver for the amazing mountain air, or perhaps your team has made the later rounds of the NCAA Tournament. Either way, you don't want to spend time in a Gold Rush-themed restaurant. Let tattoo artist Zeb Palmer be your local guide. He and Joe Miller worked at rival shops in Denver until two years ago, when they combined forces and vision to create Old Larimer Street Tattoo (2229 Larimer Street). Start off your visit to the city at their place, a local hangout just two blocks from Coors Field. "We're not just a tattoo shop," Palmer says. "We provide a fun and relaxing atmosphere as well as solid body piercings." —Zac Clark



© BEST BIKE SHOP

You can experience Denver much better on a bike, and Track Shack (1338 Tremont Place) specializes in both track and fixed-gear bikes as well as stock and supply gear for just about anything. "A local bike team, the Rim Jobs, runs events, races, and meet-ups out of the shop," Palmer says. And if you're visiting the Mile High City on business, the shop's spin-off courier service, Cheetah Couriers, offers three speeds: Ostrich (one hour), Gazelle (30 minutes), and Cheetah (direct).



© BEST PLACE FOR A SHIRT AND A HAIRCUT

If you want to go to one place where you can get a little off the top and a new top, head to Family Affair (2049 Larimer Street). Along with being a salon, Family Affair moves its customers away from the typical mass-produced brands and seeks out something more independent and innovative. "They keep a lot of low-key goods that you can't find anywhere else," Palmer says.

© BEST WHISKEY JOINT

Where can you find 150 different types of whiskey? At Whiskey Bar (2203 Larimer Street). This saloon-style pub includes pool tables, foosball, and a jukebox. The prices are right, with a great daily happy hour and nightly specials. And if you need something to chase the whiskey, they have a couple of home-brewed favorites. "It's the Denver version of Cheers," Palmer says. "Everyone knows you here."



BEST SOUTH AMERICAN FOOD

The Argentines may not be known for their pizza, but Palmer doesn't go to Buenos Aires Pizzeria (1319 22nd Street) for the pie. Palmer says this restaurant, which has been part of the Denver landscape for a little over 20 years, has the best sandwiches in town. Their menu also features Argentinian treats, like empanadas and their family-recipe *ñoquis* smothered in Bolognese or butter and Parmesan cheese. ☀



© BEST THAT '70S BAR

Drinking, dancing, and DJs—Shag Lounge (830 15th Street) has the three D's of good times. Big couches on the sides and '70s-style art deco seating at the bar make the place swank, but the staff is cool. The overall vibe: Just kick back and have a good time with some great music. "It's a place where the industry kids and the local merchants chill and get their hip-hop on," Palmer says.



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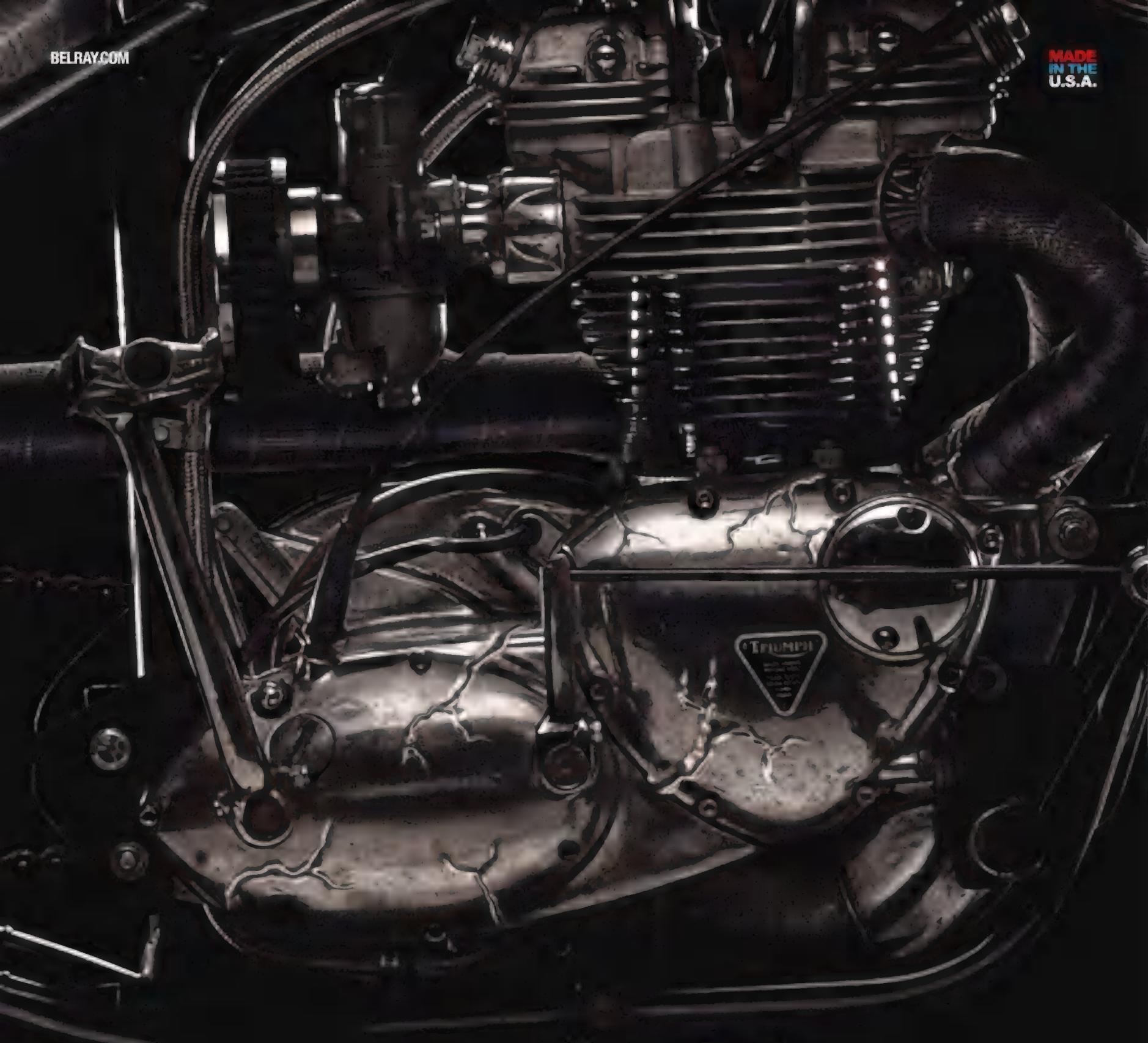
You may have driven an SUV—but have you really?

I'm at the bottom of a snow-slicked, 45-degree hill in a 2011 Range Rover Sport, ready to climb. Telephone-pole-thick pine trees line the trail, leaving little margin for error—especially considering this model's \$90,000 price tag. I glance at the terrain response dial to make sure it's set on "grass/gravel/snow" (check) and slowly apply throttle. The Range Rover glides forward up the incline. "Don't let off the gas," my instructor says from the passenger seat. We gain speed up the trail until I reach about the two-thirds point, when the front end begins to plow toward a pine to my right. Panicked, my foot instinctively pulls back on the gas as I steer to the left. We keep plowing toward the tree until I brake, my chest pounding, a few yards short of impact. At this steep incline, I'm thinking we're hosed.

Not so fast. My instructor switches the settings over to mud/ruts. "Shake the steering wheel back and forth as hard as you can, and don't over-rev the engine," he says. No way this Range Rover is moving any further up the hill, I think; it's time to get out the winch. Still, I do as he says, shaking the steering wheel left and right. Fifteen long seconds pass and I'm starting to sweat. "It's working," he says, but I'm dubious. Suddenly, the wheels bite and the Range Rover lurches forward a few feet, up over a bump

and onto more level ground. In a flash, I've got the pricey four-wheeler rolling up over the crest of the hill. I feel like I just summited the Matterhorn, and I now think I could.

I've come down to the Land Rover Experience Driving School at the fantastically beautiful Biltmore Estate in Asheville, NC, to do what 99.9 percent of SUV owners never do: drive the damn thing off-road. In the daylong course (which Land Rover also offers at resorts in Vermont, California, and Canada), I navigate miles of rolling Appalachian trails in a Range Rover Sport, Range Rover, and Land Rover LR3. I crawl across a rickety bridge made of two logs; get unnervingly sideways on an icy, downward sloping trail; and have an ungodly amount of fun for barely getting above 5 mph. What do I learn? In short: Trust the technology, such as the terrain-response settings that adjust the vehicle's dynamics to whatever trail conditions you encounter; hill descent control that turns icy downhill trails into a Sunday drive; and an information screen with a helpful tire position diagram. One day at the school may not prepare you to tackle a trans-Siberia drive just yet, but it will definitely make you feel superior the next time you see 10 other SUV drivers when you pull into the Home Depot. —Sam Jemielity



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"When my cat Diablo passed away, the pain was so intense and encompassing that I needed to have his name burnt into my skin. Now I have him and my other pets with me all the time."
—Simone Reyes

PHOTO BY RAY LEGO

Simone Reyes's Vegan Pot Roast

3 yellow onions
1 white onion
3 shallots
1 cup red wine
2 tbsp. brown sugar
2 tbsp. balsamic vinegar
8 ozs. can of pineapple pieces
8 ozs. seitan
8 small red potatoes, cubed
1 butternut squash, seeded, peeled, and cubed
6 medium carrots, cubed
1 tsp. olive oil
½ tsp. cayenne pepper
½ tsp. cumin
1 tbsp. chili oil
Salt and pepper, to taste

Cut onions and shallots into short strips. Sauté for one hour, adding $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of wine every 20 minutes. Add the brown sugar, vinegar, pineapple, and seitan. Keep cooking over low heat for a few minutes, then transfer to a roasting pan. In a large bowl, toss together the potatoes, squash, carrots, olive oil, cayenne, and cumin. Add to the roasting pan. Cover with aluminum foil and bake at 350°F for about one hour. Top with chili oil and salt and pepper. Makes eight to 10 servings.

SIMONE REYES

No little girl dreams of growing up to be an executive assistant ... that is, until they've watched Simone Reyes and Christina Paljusaj living a fabulous life as Russell Simmons's right and left hands on *Running Russell Simmons*. While handling the usual clerical tasks, these two spend their days setting up fundraisers and entertaining Simmons's celebrity business partners, and their nights attending tony red carpet events.

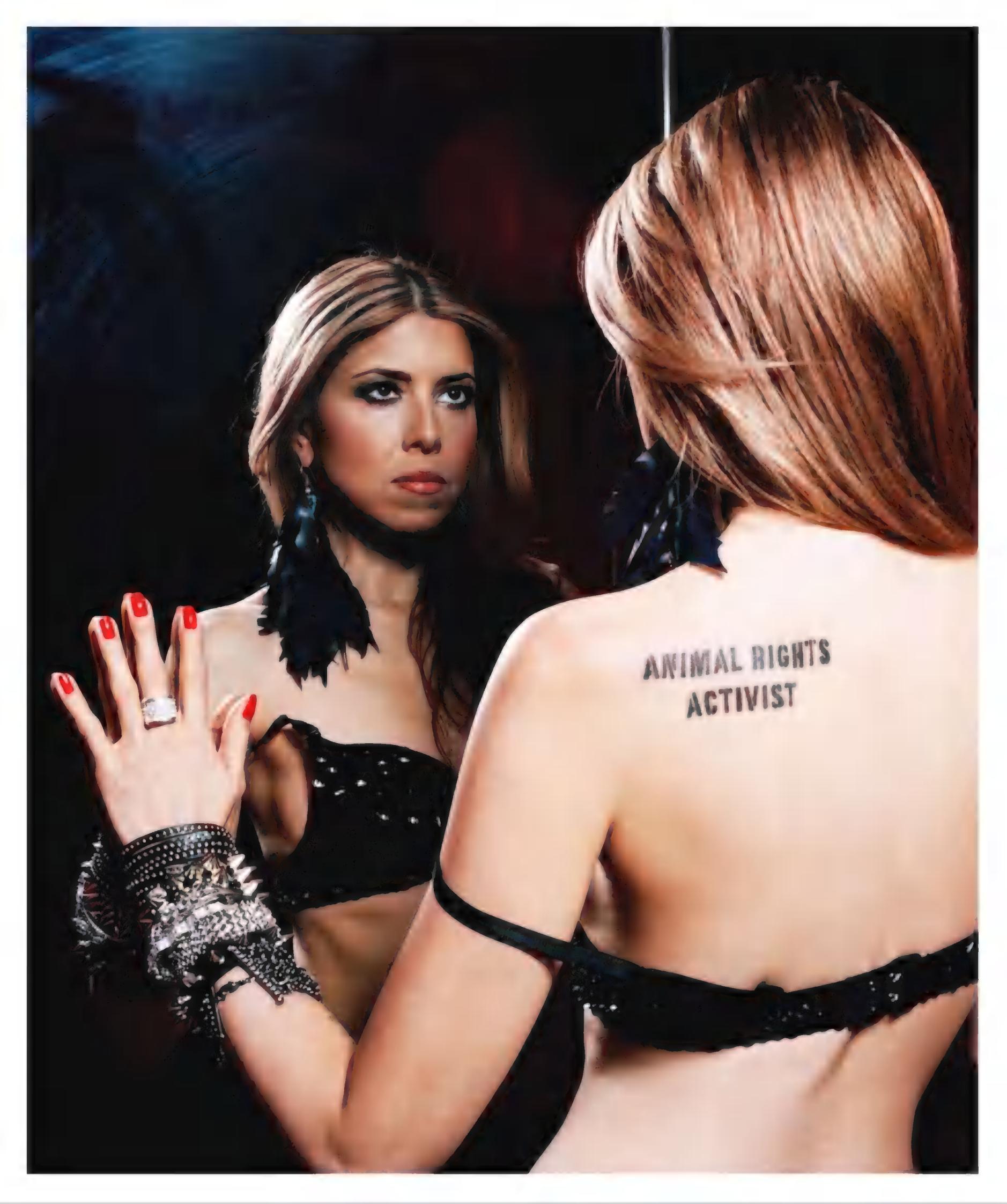
"It is a 24-hour job—my BlackBerry has a nook in the pillow I sleep on," says Reyes, who has worked for Simmons since high school. But she says it's a blessing to work for someone who contributes to society. "I truly believe that Russell only makes money to give it back," Reyes says. "The causes he champions aren't necessarily close to him but he gives to the underserved."

Reyes also gives back, taking a stance against animal cruelty. She lives a vegan lifestyle, which means no meat, no dairy, no leather, no wool, no trips to the zoo, and no carriage horse rides. She first turned to veganism after seeing a video of how the sausage is made, and she implores others to do the same. In one episode of *Running Russell Simmons*, she got covered in

fake blood and wrapped up like grocery store meat for a PETA protest on the sidewalks of New York City, and she also got "Animal Rights Activist" inked on her shoulder by Stephanie Tamez at New York Adorned. "I got that tattoo to show how committed I am to protecting animals," Reyes says. "Tattoos are such a strong statement. People get married til death all the time, but when you hear that someone gets their spouse's name tattooed on them, you take a step back and say, 'Oh my God!'" She'd known for a long time she was going to get that tattoo, but she wanted a larger audience to see her message so she waited until the filming of *Running Russell Simmons*.

She doesn't wait as long for her other tattoos. "I get the name of a deceased pet within 24 hours of their death," Reyes says. "I started doing that when my cat Diablo passed away. The pain was so intense and encompassing that I needed to have his name burnt into my skin. Now I have him and my other pets with me all the time," she explains. "Scott Campbell does all the names, so when I walk into his shop he says it's never good news."

—Rocky Rakovic

A woman with long, wavy, reddish-brown hair is shown from the waist up. She is wearing a black, sequined, strapless top and black, sequined, low-rise pants. Her right hand is raised to her face, with her fingers near her eye. She is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. A tattoo on her upper back reads "ANIMAL RIGHTS ACTIVIST" in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

ANIMAL RIGHTS
ACTIVIST

CHUMLEE & BIG HOSS

When Austin "Chumlee" Russell and Corey "Big Hoss" Harrison were boys growing up in Las Vegas, they never dreamt of becoming reality TV superstars. They were just a couple of kids who liked to start trouble and mess around at Harrison's family business, Gold & Silver Pawn Shop on Las Vegas Boulevard. Nearly two decades later, Big Hoss gets recognized all over the Strip, and Chumlee can't even walk into a Walmart without getting swarmed. That's because the duo is one-half of *Pawn Stars*, a hit reality series on the History Channel. Filmed in Las Vegas at the 24-hour pawnshop, the show follows Chumlee, Big Hoss, and co-owners Rick Harrison and Rick "The Old Man" Harrison (Big Hoss's father and grandfather, respectively).

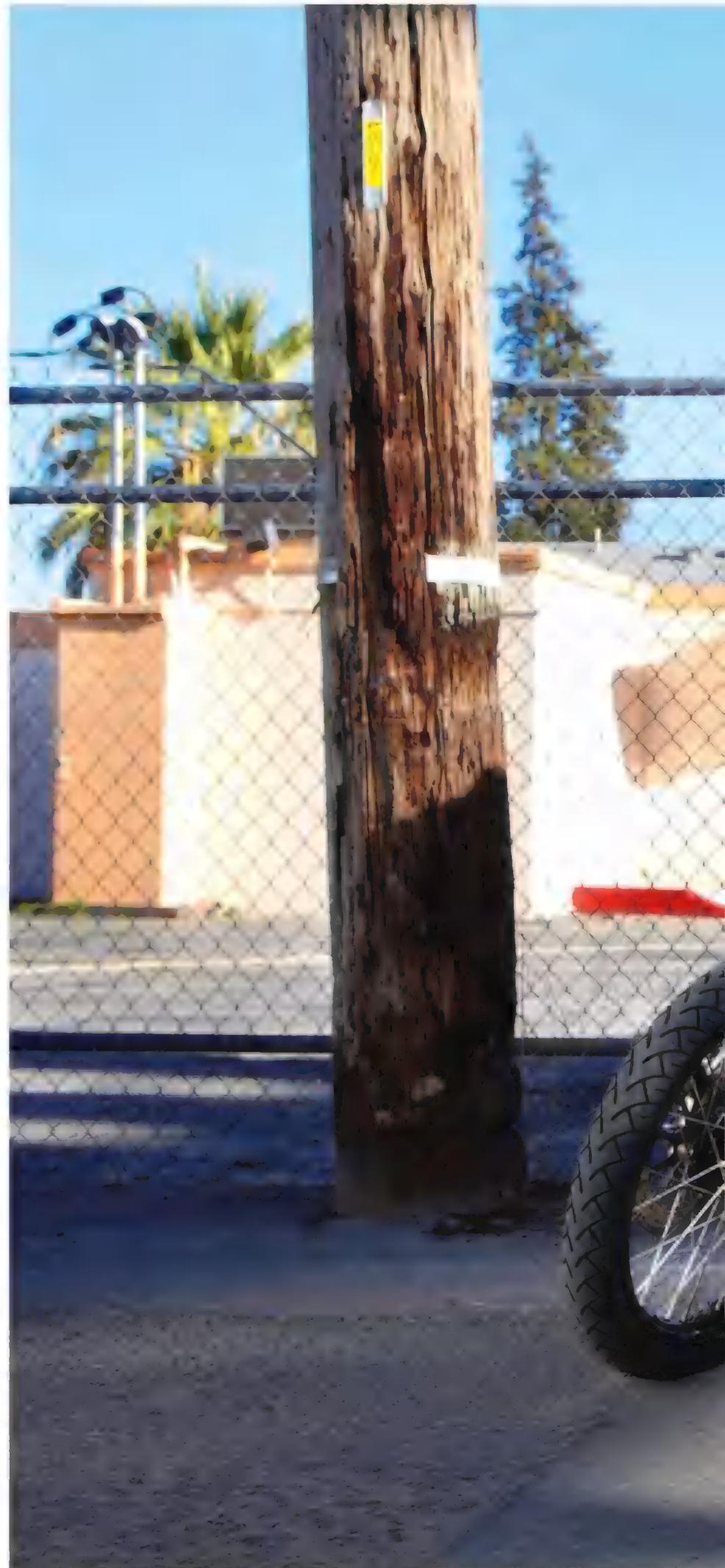
Each episode finds the guys haggling with customers looking to pawn everything from the conventional (Chuck Berry autographed Fender guitar, KISS pinball machine, vintage Louis Vuitton trunk) to the bizarre (medieval jousting helmet, WWII fighter jet ejection seat, calf-roping machine), with as many as six million viewers tuning in.

"There was no way I thought we'd be the number one show on cable and in the top 15 shows including all of the networks," Big Hoss says. "Never ever in a million years." The pawnshop heir is happy with his fame—it's just enough to get into the best spots in town, but not enough that he has to live like a hermit. On the other hand, Chumlee, a kindhearted fella with a jolly chuckle, can't even leave his apartment.

Obviously, when one's trying to go incognito, sleeves full of bright ink don't help. Chumlee and Big Hoss are unified tattoo junkies who get "99 percent" of their work done by Shannon Bundy of Showroom Tattoo Parlour in Vegas. But the guys take completely different approaches to deciding what ends up on their body. Big Hoss is sentimental: He has "R.I.P. Kevith" etched into his right wrist, a remembrance to a childhood friend who committed suicide, and his favorite tattoo is his wedding band with wife, Charlene, whom he's known since fourth grade. "She's the only woman in the world that could deal with my shit, and believe it or not, she's got more tattoos than me," he says.

Chumlee's work consists of flames, a graveyard scene with a mummy busting out of a coffin, the Bride of Frankenstein, and a snake wrapping around skulls and a human heart. "I don't really have a lot of significant meaning to my tattoos," he says. "I know that may sound weird to some people, but I'm in it for the art."

For now, the guys will continue to relish their success. "I'm having a lot of fun doing the show," says Chumlee. "Not only is this a one-in-a-million opportunity, but I get to do it with people I grew up with and love. I'm having a great time." And ladies, he's still single. —Kara Pound





Pawn Stars' Big Hoss on the bike and Chumlee are big wheeleers and dealers.

TRICKY

If you think you're old-school, meet Tricky. The 43-year-old musician and actor grew up in Bristol, England, surrounded by inked family members, and he got his first tattoo—a vampire on his leg—done by a friend when he was just 14. "My great-grandmother had tattoos, but it was more of a community thing back then," he explains. "My great-granddad was in the military and a couple of my uncles were in prison, so it was less decorative and more a way of life."

Tricky's ninth full-length, *Mixed Race*, is as eclectic as his genetic makeup, with a collection of songs that spans genres from Jamaican dub to traditional French music. "I've always acknowledged my race but I don't think I've ever put it into a record," Tricky says. And although he insists that making *Mixed Race* in Paris was a laid-back experience, you wouldn't know that by listening

to downbeat songs like "Ghetto Stars." "People have been saying my music is dark since *Maxinquaye*," he says, mentioning his breakthrough 1995 album. "I've tried to make a pop song, but it's difficult for me—this is just the way my music comes out, and I don't really think about it."

That same instinct carries over to his tattoos. When Tricky goes to Japan to get his left sleeve finished by the legendary artist Horiyoshi III, he has no plans to interfere with the master's process. "If an A&R guy has a band and he tries to make them something they're not, that means he has no trust in his artist," Tricky explains when asked about his confidence in Horiyoshi's traditional Japanese work. "If I like your tattoo work and you're working on me, I have to trust you." —Jonah Bayer







white heat

Tyra Banks called Jessica White the "model of her generation." She's graced the runways of Oscar de la Renta, campaigns for Maybelline, and *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issues, and is working on a documentary and memoir/self-help book. For her INKED photo shoot, Jessica said she didn't want to wear high fashion—or even a bikini. "This will be the last time I pose nude before I move on to other projects in my life," she says. "I think the INKED readers—those in the tattoo community—understand my message and I want to share the real me, bare, stripped down and tattooed."

Jessica says she first started getting ink when she was in a bad place mentally. "I wanted to self-mutilate to feel alive again, but being a model I couldn't become

PHOTOS BY
WARWICK SAINT

POETRY BY
JESSICA WHITE

JESSICA WHITE
OFFERS HER BODY,
HER INK, AND
HER SOUL.

■ cutter," she says. Instead she tattooed her body in places that wouldn't greatly hinder her ability to book work. Even when clients didn't want a model with tattoos, they still wanted Jessica, so they worked around it. When she was turned down because of her ink, she was upset but never regretted being tattooed. "My tattoos are that important to me," she says. As Jessica became more comfortable in her own skin, she continued to get tattoos but in an appreciation for body art, expressing herself in a different way.

Poetry is another outlet, and she derives the same release when her pen hits the paper that she does when the tattoo needle hits her skin. The resulting work—including the pieces she shares with INKED on these pages—is powerful and beautiful, like Jessica herself.

stronger

Because of you I'm stronger,
when you counted me down
and out, ran your mouth saying
things you knew nothing about, it
made me stronger

When you thought my career was
done for, you're saddened here
today, because my success you
can't ignore

All the negativity I met with
prosperity, all the pain all the
rain and disdain I used to regain
my fame, oh yes I'm stronger.

Your perverted lies could have
kept me bound but bound no
more, I'm free

Because of you I'm stronger,
when all you saw was failure for
my life the most high protected
my back from your knife

When your eyes of judgment
judged me, by what you see he
had a plan for me, now all I see
is me being free, yes it made me
stronger

When you came in with the
illusion of being a friend all the
while running around committing
the ultimate sin

Speaking words, sentences, and
phrases of jealousy not realizing
the true you I see

You, him, her, them, they wanted
to keep me down. And all your
hoping wishing and praying
empowered me to stay around.
Now flee from me you don't exist
to me

So now I stand here in all my
splendor. Fine, sexy, beautiful,
and successful. And all you wish
you could be, I'm sorry that all
you're left with is the shadow of
the old me and that you could
never even be

Sadness is all I feel cause no
matter how hard you tried my joy
you couldn't steal

I'm Stronger.





twisted

I have been sick for far too long, thoughts racing in my head saying peace be gone. Please forgive me I won't return again but don't cry for me just. Let me bleed

Strong holds of darkness upon my mind, I can smell you in my head feel you in my womb raping me and screaming at me

Crying so deep within to trust myself again

Coming face to face with darkness, evil less mystifying, a heaviness of despair and loneliness tormented by my nightmares. I refuse to sleep now, I'm in the state of trances, harassed by seducing spirits of sexual thoughts

Hello I am your mind and I am Twisted
As I watch my mind fly over me, longing for the deep sleep dreaming of peace I consume myself with Valiums of blue I close my eyes and see self-mutilation
Open my eyes and see self-destruction. Drinking to death like a stillborn child
If I bleed then let me bleed, tired of being depressed and suppressed by my fears
Can you hear me? I am your mind drifting away and I'm not afraid

I am safe inside myself believing this perverted lie. I breathe in blood and cry out loud
Realizing that I am the sacrifice, trying to do good but evil is lurking behind
I taste of holy wind bitter and so sweet. I hear sweet lullabies of rampage, chaos and calamity ransacking my mind ripping through my pure thoughts as I'm left here with incomplete sentences unable to define how I'm really feeling
I'm abruptly awakened and I've just realized that I'm Twisted.





jupiterism = love

And he came to me saying soar away with me, travel to a new galaxy and worship the god of the whimsical mind taking your place with the watchers of the skies.

I stood still in an all red dress and saw a glimpse of what life would be like. I agreed. Beginning the journey of conversion, remembering a past filled with pain and evil spirits that caressed my brain with torture, with small fragments of doubt I breathed in deep and screamed sweet lullabies of refuge out loud. Then rapture took hold.

Colorful layers of dense clouds hovered over me, satellites pulsating my heart.

Curtains of light shot through my brain, levitating from heavy winds of Euporic glowing gas wrapped around every part of my being. The old me has passed away, now high energies of electrons race along my planet, he is heaven and I, earth.

Never to return again I open my eyes and look upon something so beautiful and holy. He wasn't god, but his eyes filled with gloss. His bleeding heart in his left hand, with

blood tattooed around his ring finger, horns of pain on his scalp adorned with a crown of 16 moons circling above his head and the voice of an angel as he spoke to me saying I am he the fifth planet from the sun. Me, the largest in the solar system, feed on me and we shall be one.

He laid his hands on me and came in my veins—he fucked me—brain washing me forever more. And I call Him Jupiter Love.



suicide

Suicide—to kill oneself, the act of intentionally causing his or her own death. Leaving an undesirable situation.

White light gazing above her head, taking her last breath, remembering who she was before life took that sudden turn with no warning, swept away by a power stronger than she; submerged in him and loving every moment, her life meaningless with no sense before he came, becoming a martyr for a sentiment truly holy.

So she makes the choice to depart with her soul taking on anew with no regrets, no second thoughts. I lay my life down because you are where I belong.

My mind shielded by thoughts of You, my heart filled with love only for you. So here I am, ready to take my last breath she says with a sword in her right hand and tears of joy filling her eyes, anticipating the beats of her heart fading.

Dressed in all white, pure as one can be, she thrust herself in the heart ending life that used to be dying for the only cause she believed in, she is me and I just died in his love for evermore.



1

Stylist: Sam Jaradeh

Hair: Noah Hatton for Cutler/Redken
at Kramer + Kramer

Makeup: Hector Simancas for M.A.C. at Jump

Retouching: Anthony Morrow

Location: Root Brooklyn

BOSTON

IRISH

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

CS

AS ALWAYS, **DROPKICK MURPHYS**, THE BOSTON SHAMROCK 'N' ROLLERS, CARRY THE FLAG AND TUNE OF IRELAND IN THEIR NEW ALBUM, *GOING OUT IN STYLE*.

BY CHARLIE CONNELL
PHOTOS BY ANGELA BOATWRIGHT

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AMERICA'S FIRST SPORTS BAR

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SUNDAY

BUZZY'S
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BUDDY







Left to right:
Matt Kelly,
Al Barr, Ken
Casey, Scruffy
Wallace, Jeff
DaRosa, Tim
Brennan, and
James Lynch.



HANCES ARE THAT DURING THE HIGH HOLY DAY OF SAINT

Patrick you are going to run into a Plastic Paddy; he or she might be an O'Brien or a Fitzgerald and still think that the real Irish eat corned beef (it's more of an Irish-American thing), drink green beer (hell no), and listen to U2 (ugh). This means you are not at McGreevy's in Boston's Back Bay. The bar is a bastion of the Boston Irish where you can get the perfect pour of Guinness, cheer on the Red Sox, and punch up The Pogues on the jukebox. And what makes the bar special—or, rather, who makes it special—is Dropkick Murphys vocalist and bassist Ken Casey, who co-owns the pub. Since the band's inception, the Murphys have been putting a modern spin on the music of their forefathers from the Emerald Isle. Fusing traditional banjo, tin whistle, and bagpipes with distorted guitars and a punk snarl, the Dropkick Murphys have created a unique sound that couldn't come from anywhere else but Irish Boston.

One would be hard-pressed to find a band that is more ingrained in the culture of its hometown. In 2004, when the Red Sox won their first World Series in 86 years, the Murphys were there to provide the anthem. When Martin Scorsese was looking for the perfect song to open *The Departed* was there really any choice other than "I'm Shipping Up to Boston"? And when *The Fighter* recently hit theaters, it did so with the Murphys' "Warrior's Code," the band's ballad about local pugilist Micky Ward. It's impossible to think about Boston without thinking of the Irish punk sounds of the Murphys, and vice versa.

Having so much of the band's identity tied to Boston gives the guys an opportunity to have some fun with it while they are on tour. "We'd go down to New York and I'd roll out onstage with a 'Yankees Suck' shirt, and bottles would fly at me," Casey says with a laugh. The Murphys have never been bashful about their sports fandom ("Time to Go," off of their 2003 album *Blackout*, is a love letter to the Boston Bruins), but it wasn't until 2004 that they cemented their place in the Boston sports scene with a recording of "Tessie." In 1903, the Royal Rooters fan club sang the original version of the song to cheer on the Sox (back when they were the Boston Americans) to pennants through Boston's World Series victories with Babe Ruth in the 1910s. The Rooters were led by Michael T. McGreevy (who owned the bar Casey renamed in his honor) and broke up when Ruth left town. The Murphys hoped to remake "Tessie" and break the Curse of the Bambino. Lead singer Al Barr remembers the first time he listened to it: "It's this barbershop quartet's song about

this lady's parrot. Our jaws dropped and we're like, How the fuck are we going to do something with this? This is horrible. They're going to stone us to death."

After a great deal of reworking, they debuted the song at Fenway Park before a game against the Yankees. It ended up becoming a good omen, as the Sox went on to win the World Series that year. "If things were different and the Sox had lost, 'Tessie' would have been a long-forgotten thing, and we would have been railroaded out of town," Casey jokes.

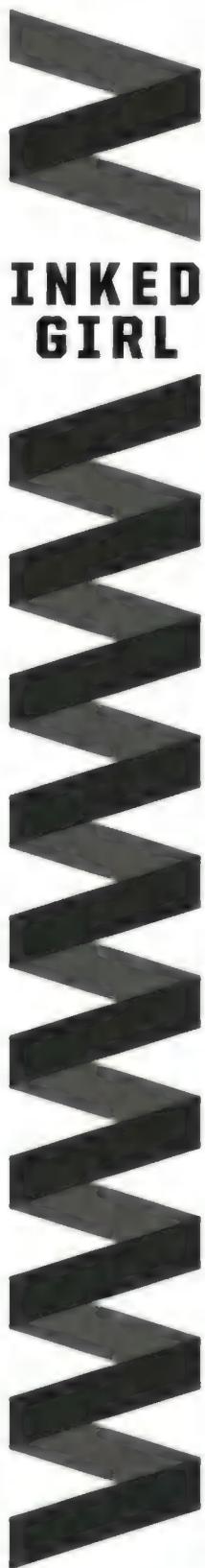
Boston sports also played a significant role in Casey's first ink, a tattoo of the Celtics leprechaun. "When I was 14 the Celtics were at the height of the Larry Bird era," Casey says. "Every kid was getting that logo as a tattoo. A few days after I got it I'm playing basketball down at the park with the older kids, shirt off, thinking I'm cool as hell. My mother had got word and she comes creeping up on me in front of 40 kids, grabs me by the hair, and starts beating the crap out of me—the horror." That's punk.

This month marks the 11th year that the Murphys are staying at home to perform on the most Irish of days. "We do a residency in Boston for St. Patty's," explains Barr. "It's amazing that it's become this kind of pilgrimage for people. They come from all over the country for the show, so it's pretty cool. There's a lot going on in Boston that week—you got the parade in Southie, everybody is green and drunk, and our show." These always sold-out shows have become legendary for their spectacle. Usually the band is joined onstage by Irish step dancers and additional pipers for at least a few songs. It's definitely a homecoming for the band. "It's just ridiculous," Casey says. "When you come from big families like we do and you really were born and raised here, you feel like half the people at a Boston show are people you actually know."

In addition to celebrating St. Patty's Day, the band will also be celebrating the release of their seventh studio album, *Going Out in Style*, this month. Their sound has been constantly evolving over their 15 years, and they are taking an ambitious approach with this release. The album tells the tale of the fictional Cornelius Larkin. It was an idea that occurred to Casey after seeing an old man being prepared for burial in his New England Patriots sweatshirt while visiting a friend's funeral home. "The song 'Going Out in Style' is about a wake," Casey says. "It's nice to explore by going backward and telling the story of a guy's whole life. I was basically kneeling over that guy, God rest his soul, in his Pats jersey and thought that this is a cool idea."

To add some depth to the character of Larkin, the band turned to their friend and author Michael MacDonald to write an obituary for the liner notes. The Murphys also collaborated with one of the true heavyweights of rock, Bruce Springsteen, for the song "Peg O' My Heart." "Here's a guy who really represents Americana and has been an icon for so long, and he's singing on our record," Barr marvels. "It's crazy."

From their beginning as a four-piece playing matinee shows for 500 kids to the headliners at a week's worth of shows at the House of Blues last year, the Murphys have stayed true to their roots. As they tour around the country with the new album, don't be surprised to hear their Boston punk rendition of "The Irish Rover"; the last track on their album, it's a traditional Irish folk song about a shipwrecked traveler far from home. ■



INKED
GIRL

LAYDI MARIE

PHOTOS BY
WARWICK SAINT

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3.1 Phillip Lim
trench coat;
Maison Close
corset bra and
thong; Trash
and Vaudeville
pumps.



American Apparel customized bodysuit; Swarovski ring; LaCrasia gloves.

Snooki and Laydi Marie have one thing in common. "I love pickles! I love pickles more than anyone. Just like wine tasting, I go pickle tasting," Laydi says. "The only way into this woman's heart is showing me a pickle—but only if it's kosher. ... Wait, that came out wrong." And with that recognition of her faux pas, Laydi Marie demonstrates where the similarities between her and the *Jersey Shore* star end.

Instead of tanning and laundry, Laydi spends her time snowboarding and collecting knick-knacks. She pays the bills by being a makeup artist. "Photographers kept telling me I should model and I kept denying it," she says. "I'm kind of shy, but I've started to face the music and roll

with the punches." Thankfully,

Along with pickles Laydi is into simians. "I am completely fascinated by monkeys," she says. "I even have a monkey toilet-bowl scrubber!" And while some of her tattoos actually depict monkeys—including an angry monkey in motion spilling fruit down her upper thigh—Laydi takes her ink pretty seriously. She even pushed back her INKED interview so she could finish up her tattoo (hey, a girl who reschedules because she's getting an Oliver Peck sugar-skull tattoo is our kind of girl). "I have quite a few tattoos from Oliver," Laydi says. "He has a traditional style of tattooing that I admire, with influences from Owen Jensen and Sailor Jerry. I think every new tattoo I get is my favor-

ite until the next one comes along."

Laydi's love of body art started when she was 18 and a close friend dragged her along for his tattoo appointment. "After watching him get tattooed, I was hooked," she says. "I decided right then to get my first tattoos: hearts and crossbones on my wrists." And as far as ink goes, this Laydi likes to keep it in the family. "I took my mom to get her first tattoo; it's my dad's name on her ankle. My dad has a traditional dove on his chest with my mom's name in a banner, and he wants to get more with me," Laydi explains. "They're pretty cool—my mom tells me I wouldn't be me without them." Mother really does know best. —Brittany Ineson



Maison Close skirt,
corset bra, and thong;
Swarovski ring;
stylist's thigh highs.



**"I THINK EVERY NEW TATTOO
I GET IS MY FAVORITE UNTIL THE
NEXT ONE COMES ALONG."**

American Apparel
customized bodysuit;
Swarovski ring; LaGrisia
gloves; Trash and Vaudeville
pumps; stylist's thigh highs.

Stylist: Xina Giatas
Hair: Marco Santini for ION Studio
Makeup: Hector Simancas for
M.A.C Cosmetics at Jump
Retouching: Anthony Morrow
Location: Thompson LES

SOFT SHOES

From top, by color: Nautica red sneakers, macy's.com; Vans blue classic slip-ons, vans.com; Puma yellow Lazy slip-ons, zappos.com; DC Villain Vulc LE black slip-ons, dcshoes.com; Sperry Top-Sider navy slip-ons, westmarine.com; Clae Bruce white sneakers, clae.com.

DEVELOPING STYLE

PHOTOS BY THOMAS LIGGETT



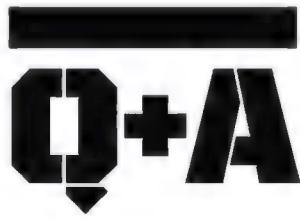
Step up your game
with flashy slip-ons
and jeans of a
different color.





IN LIVING COLOR

Top row, from left: Artful Dodger purple jeans, karmaloop.com; H&M red jeans, hm.com; Riviera Club coral jeans, 212-219-2688. Bottom row, from left: Levi's 511 yellow jeans, levis.com; American Apparel green jeans, americanapparelstore.com; 7 for All Mankind light blue jeans, 7forallmankind.com.



JESSE METCALFE

The star of *Chase* talks about escaping Tinseltown for Dallas, explains that older male actors get the better roles, and addresses his controversial breakup tattoo.

BY LINDSAY SILBERMAN PHOTOS BY JACK THOMPSON

In the same way Justin Timberlake transformed from *Tiger Beat* staple to cool guys' guy, Jesse Metcalfe is morphing from the stuff of a teenage girl's dreams to badass actor. Metcalfe became a household name during his six years playing the love interest of Eva Longoria's character on *Desperate Housewives* when he caused Suzy Homemakers all over America to fantasize about the prospect of an illicit affair with the pool boy. Then in 2006 he was a high school heartthrob who juggled three girlfriends at once in *John Tucker Must Die*. Metcalfe has dated pop stars and models—hell, he was even tapped as one of *People* magazine's 50 Hottest Bachelors during his precious stage. But now Jerry Bruckheimer has cast the 32-year-old as hard-boiled, gun-toting U.S. Marshal Luke Watson on NBC's *Chase*, and things are changing. In the hit show, which manages to balance rhetoric on immigration law and violent thrills, Metcalfe's character feels like the guy who will take Jack Bauer's place in a few years. That and his tattoos make us think he'd be a great guy to have a beer with, which we did at a sports bar in Dallas.

INKED: So you escaped Hollywood for Dallas?

JESSE METCALFE: Dallas is really cool ... a very welcome reprieve from Los Angeles. Being in the center of it all, the center of the entertainment industry, can wear on you a bit. You can have a whole different lifestyle out here.

And *Chase* brought you here. How's shooting been?

Yes, we film around Dallas. When we first came out to Dallas, with humidity, the temperature was around 110 to 115 degrees. *Chase* is a very tough show to shoot, and some days we shot 15- or 16-hour days. It's pretty tough with the choreography of the fight sequences—but pretty rewarding.

Is working with Jerry Bruckheimer intimidating? Or is it nice knowing the show has an

established leader? It's a little of both. Bruckheimer's got a very respectable track record on television. You definitely want to live up to that. You don't want to be one of the few failures that Bruckheimer's had. I mean, obviously there are lots of different variables that go into a show succeeding, but it's pretty difficult on TV these days. Some shows don't even get the time to find their viewers. But being that it's a Bruckheimer production, we definitely have a strong shot and they've stuck with the show and I'm really proud of it—the episodes keep getting better. My character keeps getting better, and I'm happy about that. And also, on the other side of things, yeah, there's a little bit of pressure. But since Bruckheimer's really behind *Chase*, it's going to be well produced and it's going to be big.

What do you like best about being in Texas, other than the lack of L.A. craziness? The food is amazing in Dallas. We're actually at a place called Lemon Bar, which has amazing food in the West Village area of Dallas. There's definitely a very strong bar scene that I haven't really been taking part in. But I'd say the thing that I love the most are the people. People just have a completely different sensibility down here. People do have that sense of Southern hospitality. They really want to talk and get to know you. And it's more of a sports-driven and outdoors city.

Have you taken up a sport? I've been training with my stunt double, who owns a mixed martial arts gym out here in Dallas. It has been really good for the fight sequences on the show and makes them look as realistic as possible.

Was MMA something you were into before the show? I had done training and boxing for the last few years just because I love the workout. And I took martial arts when I was in college. But it's just something I kind of branched off into a little bit because it's a lot of fun and the training is extremely intense.

What's it like having to fight in all that gear? We're completely tacked up with our tactical vests and our weapons, and Luke, my character, also tends to be the guy who's carrying the battering ram that's 50 pounds, chasing people down. So during those hot summer months ... it was pretty exhausting. We literally had to change wardrobe a



"I WOULD LIKE TO DO A PERIOD PIECE AT SOME POINT, AND HAVING TATTOOS IS DEFINITELY A HINDRANCE TO GETTING THAT KIND OF ROLE."

few times a day because we'd sweat through our clothes. For this particular character I also trained with the FBI in California. We trained with actual U.S. Marshals and SWAT teams, and we have a consultant on set at all times who's an ex-SWAT member and a current Dallas police officer. We try to make everything as authentic as possible.

Were you interested in law enforcement before the show? Definitely. I think most people find law enforcement incredibly interesting—they have real-life hero stories.

So you've played a bunch of different types of roles in your career. Any that you haven't done yet that you've hoping to? Actors get this question relatively often, and it's a difficult question to answer because there are so many types of roles I'd love to play. Early in my career I was often told by people in the industry that guys don't get the opportunity to play the really great roles until they get older. And as I've gotten older that has definitely been true. I've moved from these teen heartthrob kinds of roles into a role like this. Early in my career I never thought I'd get here. But you have to grow up and mature, and you start to get these more mature, more complex roles. As far as a dream role or something, I just like to play characters that I identify with, that I think are compelling, that people will like, and that have a really strong arc.

Favorite movie? *The Graduate*.

Second favorite? *Pulp Fiction*—and then third is *The Godfather*.

Do you think eventually you'll make your own movie? No. I don't understand why actors want to do music and actors want to direct. It's not something that I'm actively pursuing right now. It's that cliché of someone gets their first job and they're like, "I'm designing my own line of clothing and I have my own production company, and I'm putting out an album!"

Plus you'd be spreading yourself thin. Exactly. I ask the same question. I know, for me, I take my

work as an actor so seriously, as far as working with my acting coach, breaking down my scripts ... you really get sucked into doing all that, and oftentimes if you're really putting your heart and soul into something, there's not much time for anything else.

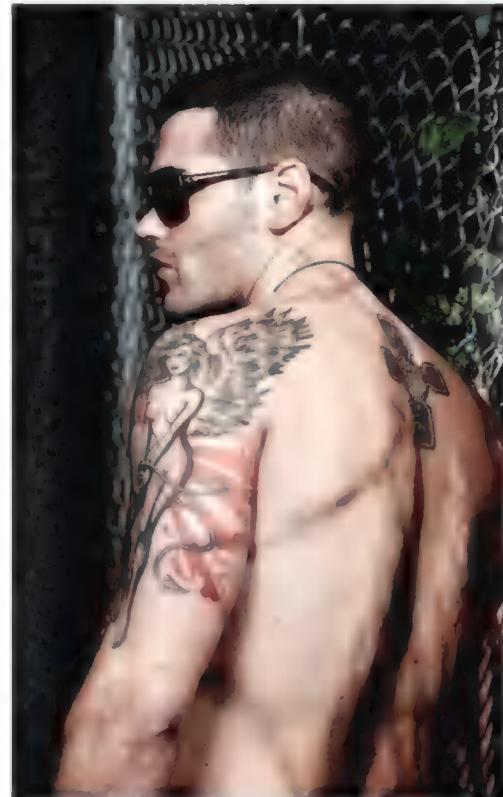
Let's talk tattoos. What was your first? The first was the cross on my back. It's part Celtic and part a design from the Byzantine Empire. I got that in the middle of my back when I was a 17-year-old freshman in college.

And how many do you have? Right now I have this big arm piece, then another tattoo on my right triceps that says "IX lives."

What does the "nine lives" represent? I've had several near-death experiences, and I thought it was a cool way to say, "I've come close to death and I'm still here."

Really? Yes, I had two serious car accidents and an emergency landing on a private jet.

On *LA Ink*, you said that as an actor or as a model you have to consider the ramifications of getting a tattoo, but you got to a certain point and said fuck it. Do you still feel that way? You know the whole idea of getting tattooed is a statement. It's obviously very expressive, but it can be a very liberating experience. As an actor you're constantly expressing yourself, and a lot of people take great pride in expressing themselves through the way they look, whether it's the way they dress or how they wear their hair. At that time I wanted some serious ink. I had an idea, and I was passionate about that idea, and I got the opportunity to be on *LA Ink* and get my work done by Hannah Aitchison. I loved her work—she was the perfect person to do that type of pinup style, so I went for it. As an actor it is a pain in the ass sitting in that makeup chair and getting this arm piece covered up when it needs to be covered up. There's no doubt about that. I would like to do a period piece at some point, and having tattoos is definitely a hindrance to getting that kind of role. A tattoo can be covered up, but at times, if the lighting is a certain



way, you can still see it. It's definitely a decision that shouldn't be taken lightly for someone who's really serious about his craft as an actor.

That tattoo is a pinup of your ex-girlfriend Nadine Coyle, right? Did you get it on impulse? I think getting a tattoo that's emotionally connected to a specific point in your life is a pretty impulsive move. I had the idea for my arm—the concept of, like, a female angel with angel wings and a devil's tail with a lasso around a human heart dripping blood—for a long time. I kind of came up with that concept and was mulling that around for a while, actually far before the relationship that it was connected to.

Do you regret it? The great thing about tattoos is that it reminds you of a specific point in your life. I love the work that was done. I see it as art and I still love the tattoo. I think it looks great, and for me, it was a powerful moment. Through that turbulent relationship I learned a lot. It's kind of like Johnny Depp getting "Winona Forever" tattooed on his arm. He changed it to "Wino Forever." So maybe I could get the eyes on my tattoo, like, censored out or something.

Or you can make it look like the person you eventually marry. It's definitely a consideration. When the time comes that I'm ready to get married, if the person I'm with has a serious problem with the tattoo I'd definitely consider getting it laser off. But it's not a decision that haunts me, by any means. If you're ready to get a tattoo you got to be ready to live with what you're putting on your body forever. The whole idea of tattooing—and probably one of the mantras of this magazine—is "no regrets." ■



TRUE GRIT

DENIM THAT IS AS TOUGH AS YOUR LIFESTYLE.

PHOTOS BY
HARPER SMITH

STYLING BY
MARK HOLMES
FOR SEE MANAGEMENT

ROBERT GELLER VEST; DIOR HOMME TANK TOP; BORIS BIDJAN SABERI HAT; ALLSAINTS SHOES;
WILLIAM RAST JEANS; G-STAR LEATHER BRACELET; MARC BY MARC JACOBS SILVER BRACELET.

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Levi's denim vest; AllSaints leather coat.



William Rast leather vest; Robert Geller shirt; AllSaints jeans; vintage hat.



Monarchy shirt;
AllSaints leather
coat; Dior Homme
jeans; vintage hat.



AllSaints denim shirt; G-Star jeans; vintage belt.



Levi's denim vest; G-Star denim jacket; Robert Geller Seconds shirt; William Rast jeans; AllSaints belt.



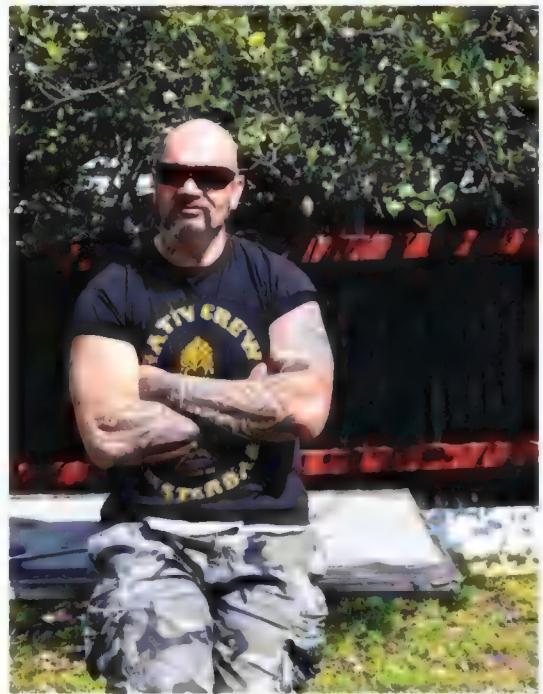
Robert Geller
trench coat;
AllSaints denim
shirt and boots;
Rag & Bone scarf;
Vans jeans; Boris
Bidjan Saberi.hat.



AllSaints
coat and
shirt; Levi's
jeans; Billy
Reid boots;
vintage hat.

Hair and grooming:
Kristen Shaw at the Magnet
Agency for Kérastase
Model: Neil Schofield,
Ford Los Angeles
Styling assistant:
Heather Williamson







Clockwise from top left:
Auckland-based tattoo artist
Gordon Toi; carved wooden
statue by Toi; Te Tauhu-o-
Kawa-tapu-a-rangi-Paul, with
tattoos by Toi; the *koru* (young
fern frond), a symbol of life in
New Zealand.

MARK OF THE MAORI

ON NEW ZEALAND'S
NORTH ISLAND, THE
TRADITIONAL MAORI ART
OF TATTOOING IS GETTING
A 21ST-CENTURY UPDATE.

BY JENNIFER GOLDSTEIN
PHOTOS BY TODD WEINBERGER



M

AKING MY WAY THROUGH THE

stale air of the Wellington Airport after a long journey to New Zealand's North Island, I can imagine what the crew of Captain James Cook's ship felt like when they reached this same landmass after months at sea: foggy-headed and out of their element, hoping to meet the locals but unsure what to expect. When the airport's glass exit doors slide open, the winds of a cool spring day wash over me. Refreshed, I step forward without thinking—directly into a big, barrel-chested guy. I look up to apologize and there's a swirling sea of inky black lines covering the contours of his face. My eyes lock on one and began tracking it down the side of his nose to a nostril, where it curls like a nautilus. There I pick up another line that flares out in an arc following the groove from nose to mouth. And finally, I'm hypnotized by a swirling vortex of concentric circles that loop around and around a strong chin. I can't summon apology or even a smile, so I shuffle awkwardly to the side and try unsuccessfully to stop staring.

If this is my reaction as a well-traveled, tattooed journalist who has set off on a 8,000-mile journey to learn more about Maori tattoos—the very art form staring me in the face—imagine what Captain Cook and his crew were thinking when they saw the same thing back in 1769. The first Europeans to interact with the Maori people were so fascinated by the native New Zealanders' skin art that a few of the bravest decided to get their own ink, perhaps starting the tradition of tattooing that continues amongst sailors to this day. Cook and his men called these Maori markings "tattows," most likely after *tatau*, a Tahitian word meaning to mark. But the Maori people called them *ta moko* (see "INKED's Guide to the North Island" on page 79 for a glossary of Maori words).

There are many stories describing the origins of *ta moko*, and most of them have something to do with the deity Ruauumoko, god of earthquakes and volcanic activity and the youngest son of Sky Father

(Ranginui) and Earth Mother (Papatuanuku). At the beginning of time, Ruauumoko inhabited the underworld deep inside Earth Mother's belly, where his violent kicks created earthquakes and volcanoes that scarred his mother's skin with mountains and ravines, much like stretch marks scar a woman's stomach after pregnancy. As one legend explains, Ruauumoko's great-granddaughter, Niwareka, left the underworld to marry a Maori chief, but came running back when she realized her mortal husband was abusive. Crazed with sorrow and guilt, the Maori chief painted his face and body and set off on the long journey to find his wife and win her back. By the time he made it to the underworld, he was a mess, with sweaty pigment running all over his face and body. The gods, who all had beautiful permanent markings, pitied his sorry attempt at body art, so they taught him *ta moko*. With his newly decorated skin, the chief convinced his wife to give him another chance and together they returned to humankind, bringing the secrets of *ta moko*.

Today, Maori-style tattoos are still called *ta moko*, whether they're on someone's face—like those belonging to the man I bumped into at the airport—or elsewhere on the body. But modern *ta moko* are only flat replicas of what the art form once was, as I learn the next day while visiting Te Papa, New Zealand's impressive national museum. There, in a small glass case on the fifth floor, I find something that more closely resembles the *ta moko* Captain Cook and his crew saw back in the day. It's a plaster cast of chief Taupua Te Whanoa's face taken in 1853. Under halogen spotlights, the swirling lines are thrown into relief and it becomes obvious that these are not just tattoos; they're actual carvings.

As museum guide Darren Luke explains, traditional Maori *ta moko* artists used chisel-like instruments to carve grooves into skin and comb-like serrated tools to tap in pigment. The *ta moko* they created, which was typically on a man's face and buttocks and a woman's lips and chin, wasn't simply ornamentation; it denoted everything from the wearer's particular tribe and lineage to his or her

"Surrounded by jagged crags and dotted with hot springs, geysers, and sulfur-rich mud pools, Rotorua would be a perfect home for Ruauumoko, god of earthquakes and volcanic activity."



Carving by Waiheke Island sculptor Paora Te Rangiuia. Opposite: a geyser in Rotorua, a geothermal hotspot and Maori cultural center.

hometown, occupation, and social status. Although some young Maori people today believe most of their ancestors were tattooed in this fashion, records indicate that in the late 1700s (about 700 years after the first Maori arrived on the island) only five to 20 percent of the population had *ta moko*. And despite a brief resurgence in the art during wars against the British in the 1860s, the practice fell out of fashion throughout the 19th century and was officially banned by the government in 1907.

These days, it seems almost half of young Maori men and women I meet have *ta moko*. And if you include other tattooing styles—and New Zealanders of every age and ethnic background—Kiwis are some of the most-tattooed people in the world. When I leave the museum to wander the streets of Wellington I see skateboarders sporting calf tattoos that echo the traditional motifs carved on a Maori canoe in an exhibit I had just seen. On trendy Cuba Street, a bartender shows me his chest piece, which has designs similar to those featured in paintings of Maori chiefs from the late 1800s. And later I meet a college student with a spear of black swirls and dashes on the

back of her hand, and a grandmother with blackened, tattooed lips. So how did tribal carvings like those on Chief Taupua Te Whanoa's face turn into all these tattoos made with modern electric machines?

TO FIND OUT, I HEAD NORTH TO ROTORUA, an epicenter of Maori culture near the Bay of Plenty. Surrounded by jagged crags and dotted with hot springs, geysers, and sulfur-rich mud pools, Rotorua would be a perfect home for Ruamoko. The area was first settled



Wood carving from Rotorua. Opposite, clockwise from top left: a painting of ancestors in Rotorua's Hinemahi Marae ki Whakarewarewa; Tane Singh-Lagah, in Rotorua; inside Hinemahi Marae ki Whakarewarewa; Mate Taitua and her traditional chin *ta moko* in Wellington's Wainuiomata Marae.

by the Maori Te Arawa tribe in the 14th century, and many of their ancestors still live in Whakarewarewa, a Maori village turned tourist attraction in the shadow of Pohutu Geyser, which sends an almost-constant stream of scalding water skyward, like the neighborhood's own welcoming fountain.

West of Pohutu is Te Puia, a Maori tourist operation that is also home to the well-respected New Zealand Maori Arts and Crafts Institute, where young men and women train in the traditional arts of wood carving and weaving. When I stop in the Carving School, many of the students at work have *ta moko*, and they good-naturedly pull up their pant legs and roll up their sleeves

to show off their ink and share the names of their artists. But when I ask why they got it, they look at me like I'm crazy. A few explain they are honoring their ancestors and showing pride in their culture, but it's obvious they don't expect a white girl from New York City to understand. "It's just something you do when you're Maori," one says.

But I've already noticed that only seems to be true if you're under 40. These guys are all in their 20s and have been lucky enough to grow up taking pride in their culture and learning the Maori language in school. But in the not-too-distant past, the Maori story followed the same tragic path as other native populations around the world: Europeans moved in and fought with the locals, took control of the land, introduced their religions, and squashed the traditional customs. Some of these students' grandparents, like a woman in her 70s I met in Whakarewarewa Village, remember when speaking Maori was forbidden. The *ta moko* ban was lifted in 1962, but even in the '80s tattoos were extremely rare, and as recently as 2009, Maori men with *ta moko* have been denied entrance to certain bars for fear their tattoos indicated gang membership.

James Rickard, one of the school's teachers, who has been watching his students show off their ink, says there was always a grandmother here or there who had her chin or lips tattooed, but he agrees *ta moko* was pretty much nonexistent until the 1990s. He also points out that many of the designs used in this resurgence movement bear only a passing resemblance to those used centuries ago. Instead, modern *ta moko* often borrows its patterns from other Maori art forms like weaving, painting, and wood carving—something that's easy to see when I compare the patterns on the students' skin with those on the wood panels they're working on.

Even though the designs may reference their wearers' genealogical history and provide certain information about their life and ancestors, Rickard says today's *moko* are more generic than the distinct tribal symbols of the past. The students seem to disagree, but they would never question their teacher. So I do it for them, asking what their Maori ancestors would think of today's *ta moko*. He laughs and says: "They'd take one look at it and go, *What the...?*"

Shaloh Mitchell, who shows me around Ohinemutu, a lakeside Maori settlement in Rotorua, agrees the art form has changed over the centuries. As a former rollerblader on the extreme sports circuit and the grandson of a Te Arawa chief, he seems like an ideal candidate for *ta moko*, yet his skin remains bare. Although he is planning to get tattooed, he believes being Maori isn't about the color of your skin—or what you put on it. "It's about speaking the language, honoring ancestors, protecting the land, and keeping traditions alive," he says. To prove his point, he takes me to Hinemahi Marae ki Whakarewarewa.

Marae are sacred meetinghouses that have held

an important place in Maori culture for hundreds of years, and in order for a non-Maori visitor to step inside, he must be properly announced and welcomed. Mitchell explains that guests visiting this *marae* are asked to recite a traditional speech in Maori, then switch to English to share a brief history of their family and sing a song. Despite my protests, he explains there's no getting out of this if I truly want to learn about *ta moko* and the Maori culture.

At the *marae*, several members of Mitchell's tribe are waiting out front, including Julia Schuster-Rika, who briefly explains the formal steps of the welcoming ceremony before taking her place at the door. A few of Mitchell's non-Maori friends join me in the yard, whispering about how excited they are to finally see inside a *marae*. Moments later, Schuster-Rika's rich alto voice calls out the chilling, mournful notes of the *karanga* welcoming call, with only the cuckoo-like calls of a *tui* bird in a nearby tree providing accompaniment. When she finishes, we silently march forward, remove our shoes, and enter the *marae*. Inside, evidence of the rich Maori carving tradition is everywhere. The totem-pole-like center support, chairs, and walls are covered with the swirling motifs I've seen in *ta moko* tattoos. Before I have a chance to look around, the ceremony begins. After listening to each tribe member's Maori welcome and recitation of family history, I make it through my own part in the process, hoping the prayer I sing (the shortest thing I have memorized) is acceptable.

With formalities dispensed, everyone relaxes and I notice painted decorations featuring two symbols I've seen a lot of in the Rotorua area: a curly T-shaped design and a spiral that looks like a question mark without its dot. Tane Singh-Lagah, a local carver and friend of Mitchell, explains their meaning. He says the T-shaped design represents the head of the *mangopare*, or hammerhead shark, and it indicates strength. The spiral is the *koru*, or uncurling fern frond, a potent symbol of life and growth that's been fully incorporated into New Zealand's culture (even the national airline, Air New Zealand, uses a riff on the *koru* as its logo).

Singh-Lagah, who also does *ta moko*, explains that these designs as well as others—such as the wave-like *ngaru* designs and the *unaunahi*, or fish scales—are often used in modern *ta moko*. But unlike traditional wood carving, which adheres to strict artistic guidelines, *ta moko* is not yet an art you can be formally trained in, and every artist I meet has a different take on how to do it.

Jason Philips, who works in a small shop in Whakarewarewa Village tells me *ta moko* should always follow certain rules. On paper, he sketches a custom *ta moko* design for me and shows how he would incorporate a *koru* for each member of my family. Puma Doctor, a tattoo artist in Rotorua, isn't trained as a carver like Singh-Lagah and doesn't work full time as a *ta moko* artist like Philips, but he calls the tattoos he does *ta moko* when they incorporate Maori design motifs like shark's teeth, feathers, and waves. His own *ta*





From left: artist Hirini Katene at work in Auckland; Kain Raureti, of Rotorua, shows off his *ta moko*.



moko is actually copied from a drawing by traditional Maori carver Lyonel Grant (Doctor says he always asks a carver for permission before turning any work into a tattoo). Even traditional tattoo artists have their own thoughts on *ta moko*. Mike Wilson, of 1081 Tattoo on Waiheke Island, explains he thinks *ta moko* is *tapu*, or sacred, and it would be wrong for him to claim to be a *tohunga* (or expert) in *ta moko* even though he does some tribal-style work. In fact, it seems the more artists I meet, the more *ta moko* explanations I get, but several people suggest I seek out artist Gordon Toi for further insight. Toi trained as a carver in Rotorua, and several people credit him as one of the forces behind the Maori tattooing revival of the early '90s. (He's also an actor and has worked on famous New Zealand-filmed movies like *The Piano* and *The Whale Rider*, so he's well known even outside tattooing circles.)

AFTER A FEW DAYS, I LEAVE ROTORUA and head north to New Zealand's capital, Auckland, where Toi lives. Along the way, many of the Maori motifs turned *ta moko* designs appear in the early spring landscape. In Kaimai Mamaku forest, impressive ferns unfurl their *koru* toward the sunlight seeping through the canopy of beech trees. To the west of Auckland, a scenic drive through the Waitakere Ranges twists back and forth over the mountains, like the spiraling *whakarare* pattern. And when I stop to trek along the black sand beaches

of Karekare, rough whitecaps in the Tasman Sea resemble the wave-like *ngaru* design. The cosmopolitan streets of Auckland also offer evidence of Maori art, with *koru* incorporated in business logos and familiar patterns painted on buildings. One Chinese restaurant even has Maori motifs carved into its wooden place mats.

I spend a few days exploring the city before I drive to Toi's suburban home, just a few hundred yards from Mangere Mountain—an extinct volcano that looks like a crater-topped grassy hill. When I arrive, the door of the stand-alone garage out back is open, revealing a tattoo studio filled with counter-culture artifacts. There are skateboard decks on the walls, and animal skulls, ancient-looking weapons, and Polynesian artifacts on the shelves. With two rambunctious pit bull puppies afoot, it's not unlike other tattoo shops I've visited. And when Toi arrives, he looks like he'd fit right in at an American tattoo convention, with his shaved head, goatee, camo shorts, and leather vest. When he lowers his imposing frame to a chair and we begin to chat, I notice how peaceful he seems. He peppers his conversation with allusions to a deep spirituality and speaks slowly and thoughtfully, issuing a quiet *hump* sound when he wants to emphasize a point.

Toi studied traditional wood carving in the '80s at the same school I visited in Rotorua. Before that time, he says, Maori culture wasn't celebrated as openly as it is now—and certainly wasn't put on display with *ta moko*. "In the early '80s, our people

developed Maori institutions and total immersion schools so the children could learn the language and discover their heritage," he explains. "I think it's safe to say that time period was when the modern renaissance of Maori culture happened. The language became stronger and the culture strengthened, and when that happened, the arts began to flourish."

In the late '80s and early '90s, Toi says he and his friends, and a few other artists, started teaching themselves to tattoo and began working traditional Maori motifs into their designs. Since there was no tattoo industry to speak of in the country, he eventually moved to Amsterdam so he could work as an artist in residence with Hanky Panky and gain more technical knowledge. He also learned to make the traditional *ta moko* tools, called *uhu*, out of albatross bones. He explains that he usually uses an electric machine, since the carving process is time-consuming and he'd need to create a new set of tools for every client since the bones cannot be sterilized. But Toi, like some of the other artists I met, doesn't think *ta moko* has to be tapped with *uhu* to be considered authentic. He says it's more important to enter the *ta moko* process respectfully than to use a specific set of tools.

As he explains all this, I start thinking I might actually be able to get my own *ta moko*, and when I ask Toi, he agrees. After I tell him I've had five orthopedic operations on the right side of my body in the last decade, we decide I need a piece that

represents strength on my (weaker) right side.

Toi's clients usually offer up a swath of skin and let him freehand, but I've seen how big these Kiwis like their tattoos, so I'm hesitant to do that. Instead, I ask him to sketch a rough outline, and after the usual back and forth, we arrive on a wave-like shape about the length of his hand that will curve along my right hip. While we talk, a neighbor arrives to get some work done by Toi's apprentice, Hirini Katene. After Katene and Toi set up their stations, Toi flicks off the radio and it gets very quiet. I look up from my spot lying on the table to see what we're waiting for, but Katene, Toi, and his neighbor have their heads lowered. Then, in unison, the artists start chanting a *karakia*, which I later learn is meant to soothe the client and call on Maori ancestors to bless the undertaking of *ta moko* and ensure its success.

As their rhythmic recitation echoes off the walls and the sunshine warms the chill of evaporating alcohol on my leg, the *karakia* lulls me into a bit of a trance. I relax so deeply I don't even realize when the sound of chanting is replaced with the familiar buzz of the needle. Whether it's Toi's light touch or the ancestors' satisfaction with my journey to come closer to comprehending the Maori culture, the session is speedy and painless.

Afterward, Toi escorts me to a mirror and points

out what he calls the design's *manawa*, or main energy channel, and a large *mangopare* (hammerhead shark symbol) he put in the center to give me the strength he thinks I need. Surrounding the *mangopare*, there are four *ngutu kaka*, C-shaped designs inspired by a native shrub that represent the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom. Finally, he points to the patterns that fill in the rest of the design, including *pakati* (dog-tooth notches) and *unaunahi* (fish scales), which are important to his Maori tribe and serve almost like a signature for the work.

I walk back and forth in front of the mirror watching the wave-like outline roll with each step, and I can't help but feel I'm starting to understand the Maori culture. And with this understanding, I can no longer claim ignorance: I know some Maori will say a *pakeha*, or non-Maori person, like me can never truly experience *ta moko*, and that my tattoo should be called *kirituhi*, or skin art, because it represents nothing deeper. But unlike others who've picked tribal flash off a wall without the slightest idea where the patterns originated, I realize the importance of the symbols etched on my skin. And I hope the ancestors of the Maori people I've met aren't offended by my *ta moko*. From what I've learned during my travels, they'll more likely be happy to know I'm spreading a little seed of Maori culture wherever I go. ■



Shaloh Mitchell (top row, second from right), Julia Schuster-Rika (bottom row, far left) and community members and visitors at the Hinemihi Marae ki Whakarewarewa.

INKED'S GUIDE TO THE NORTH ISLAND

GETTING THERE

Air New Zealand (airnewzealand.com) operates 145 flights from North America to New Zealand each week, with direct routes from Los Angeles and San Francisco to Auckland.

GETTING INKED

Ta moko is always custom, so call ahead to set up an appointment before you travel, and expect to pay up to NZ\$150 (about \$115) per hour. Here are a few artists who do *ta moko* work on the North Island:

- Gordon Toi and Hirini Katene (hetohuotewa.com)
- Jason Phillips (jptamoko@hotmail.com)
- Elton Buchanan (globusgallery.co.nz)
- Tane Singh-Lagah (temaurito@yahoo.com)
- Manu Edwin (manutattoo.com)

WHERE TO STAY & PLAY

Wellington: Check in to **Quality Hotel** (hotelwellington.co.nz) on the city's coolest corridor, Cuba Street, just steps from **Tattoo City** (tattoocity.co.nz), a great spot for traditional or black-and-gray work. Spend a few hours getting lost at the **Te Papa** museum (tepapa.com), then relax during a **Wild About**

Wellington boutique beer tasting tour (wildaboutwellington.co.nz).

Rotorua: Tour geothermal hot spots throughout **Whakarewarewa Village** (whakarewarewa.com), visit the **New Zealand Maori Arts and Crafts Institute** at **Te Puia** (tepuia.com), and experience Maori culture firsthand with a tour or **Ohinemutu Village** (ohinemutuvillage.com). When you're ready to unwind, book a room at **The Regent of Rotorua** (regentrotorua.co.nz), which has slick, rococo-styled rooms, a mineral-spring-fed soaking pool, and an excellent restaurant (don't miss New Zealanders' favorite dessert, a meringue, whipped cream, and fruit confection called pavlova).

Outside Rotorua: You can't go to the adventure capital of the world without at least one adrenaline-rush-inducing activity. INKED recommends visiting **Agroventures** (agroventures.com), where you can spin out in a jet boat, levitate over a blasting column of air, and drop 130 feet to the ground tucked safely in a giant swing. Afterward, head across the road to **Zorb** (zorb.com), where you can roll down a hill like a human hamster inside a giant cushioned ball.

Auckland: Start your day with a delicious flat white (the Kiwi version of a latte) made by the adorable inked baristas at **The Quadrant** hotel (thequadrant.com), then take the ferry to **Waiheke Island** for a **vineyard tour** (ananda.com) and have dinner at the unbelievable **Mudbrick** restaurant (mudbrick.co.nz). The next day, tour the countryside on the back of a **Hog** (harleytoursnewzealand.co.nz) and end your trip with an adrenaline-spiking **bungee jump off the Auckland Harbour Bridge** (ajhackett.com).

GLOSSARY

- karakia:** chant or prayer
- karanga:** welcome call
- kirituhi:** skin art
- koru:** spiral-shaped fern frond
- mangopare:** hammerhead shark
- marae:** communal sacred place
- ngaru:** wave-shaped pattern
- pakati:** dog-tooth notches
- ta moko:** the Maori art of tattooing
- tapu:** under religious restriction, sacred
- tui:** a honeyeater bird native to New Zealand
- whi:** traditional tattoo chisel



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"What makes tattoos amazing [is that] there's no retail value and there's a sincerity there that makes them special."
-Scott Campbell

PHOTO BY ANGELA BOATWRIGHT





SCOTT CAMPBELL

SAVED TATTOO

426 Union Ave
Brooklyn, NY 11211
718-486-0850
scottcampbelltattoo.com

BY SUZANNE WEINSTOCK
PORTRAITS BY ANGELA BOATWRIGHT

Not to be overshadowed by a client list that includes Helena Christensen, Orlando Bloom, and Courtney Love, Scott Campbell has become a star in his own right. Campbell forged his own path in the tattoo world; instead of studying under one tattoo artist in particular, he traveled the world, picking up skills and inspiration as he went. Tattoo enthusiasts aren't the only ones who have taken notice: Campbell's work has ended up everywhere from the Louis Vuitton runway to the world's top galleries. But he hasn't gone all red carpet—Campbell keeps his edge by inking everyone from Special Forces in Afghanistan to Mexican prisoners.

INKED: Your family was completely against tattoos. How did you get into it?

Scott Campbell: My family is a bunch of Southern Baptists, really conservative. And like most nerdy kids, getting tattooed was a way to look cool and piss off your parents. It was the most efficient way to irritate my father I could find.

Every time you talk about your first tattoo you say something different. What's the real story? My first tattoo was really just a little skull on my leg. I walked into this biker shop called Dragon Mike's and Tiger John's down in Houston. I had \$25 in my pocket and an ID from this waiter that looked like me, and I remember memorizing his name and address and birthday so I could prove it was me, and they just didn't care. It was pretty funny. They

gave me two options: You can get a butterfly or you can get a skull. I picked the skull.

So how did you get started tattooing? I was in San Francisco working for this publishing company and running around with a bunch of punk rock kids, and I was always the one who could draw. People would always bring me their leather jackets to draw the Danzig logo on the back, or Slayer on their jean jackets. The first guy I tattooed was my buddy Jeff, who was really insistent. I had been getting a lot of tattoos at that point so I knew a little bit about it, but I was terrified at the idea of actually doing them. I said I would draw it for him and he could bring it to a tattoo shop but he was like, "I really want you to do it. I want it to be from you." He was insistent to the point where he said he would buy me the tat-



"I AM TOYING WITH THE IDEA OF DOING ONE DAY A WEEK AT SOME STREET SHOP UNDER A DIFFERENT NAME JUST TO GET SOME MORE GOOD STORIES."



too machine and I'd tattoo him as payment for the equipment, and I finally said I'd do that. It was kind of amazing in that it was someone who believed in me more than I believed in me. And then once I tattooed him, his friends wanted to get tattooed, and more and more people. I had to find a way to put food on the table so I just called it my job.

So was there anyone you were learning from? I didn't have an apprenticeship, but Juan Puenté helped me out. He knew I was tattooing out of my house but he was like, "Okay, kid, if you're going to be doing it I might as well give you a couple pointers so you don't screw people up too bad." He does super-clean, perfect classic Americana and a lot of cholo Mexican stuff. He was a real inspiration.

Where was the first shop you worked? The first shop I worked at was Picture Machine [in San Francisco], which was in a weird residential neighborhood next to this dirty biker bar. We had the craziest wing nuts coming through there, from Asian gangster kids to weird old Russian guys to sweaty bikers from next door and all the Mission skater kids.

Not exactly the mainstream crowd that comes through your shop today. Well, they didn't have tattoo reality shows back then. It still had that bite

to it, that edge. You still weren't supposed to do it, which obviously makes it more fun. We got the whole spectrum of humanity, which was great. That's where all my best tattooing stories are from.

Like ... I was really young and this crazy meth-head came in, and I knew I didn't want to work on him. And he had some old tattoo he got in jail and he was really unhappy. And I looked at it and it was probably 45 minutes of work, but I didn't want to work on him so I said, "Sure, man. You're looking at about \$700," which is preposterous. I expected him to be like, "That's crazy. I'll get Jimmy Two Shoes to do it for 40 bucks and some beef jerky." But instead he pulls out a toilet paper roll of hundred-dollar bills, peels off seven, and says let's go. By the end he loves it and I'm his new best friend and he leaves. About three months later I'm about to tattoo this sweet little collegiate girl. She was getting the Sagittarius symbol on the back of her neck. And I was just about to tattoo her when I hear, "I'm going to fucking kill you. You put dicks on my arm!" And this chair goes flying through the window, I hit the silent alarm, and grab the pistol. ... Essentially, someone had convinced him I put subliminal dicks on his arm and he had a knife and wanted to cut my throat. So I have a gun behind my back and I tell him, "You can do whatever you want

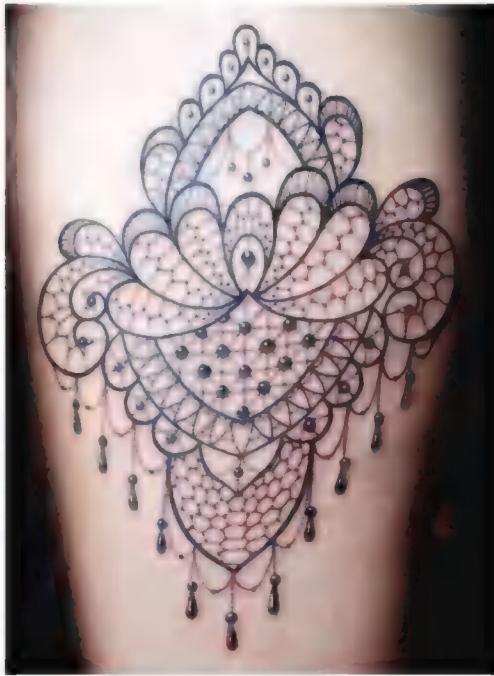
to me, but I just started a tattoo and I can't stop right now. So you can cut my throat but it's going to be about 30 minutes." And he sits down in the waiting room with a knife in his hand until the cops come in and drag him off kicking and screaming.

Did you move to a different shop afterward? No. I was at Picture Machine for a couple years and then I traveled for four years or so. I set up camp in Madrid for a few months, and then Singapore or Tokyo or Paris. I just took advantage of the fact that with tattooing you can go wherever you want. The freedom of that lifestyle was the most exciting thing. I used that to go and work with as many people as I could.

Did each place influence your tattooing? You absorb a little bit from everywhere. I'd read or hear about some guy in Tokyo that I really wanted to work with, so I'd go there. I got passionate about learning as much as I could.

So how would you describe your style? You'd be better off asking someone else. I guess a lot of what I enjoy is really technical tattooing. I really like making things perfect. And I do a lot of ornamental patterns and textures. I do a lot of lettering and typography. I love lettering.

"I'D RATHER PEOPLE COME TO ME BECAUSE THEY SAW WORK THAT THEY LIKED THAN THEY HEARD I TATTOOED SOME MOVIE STAR LAST WEEK."



Why lettering? You can affect the meaning of a word or phrase so much depending on how you draw it out. One of the guys that worked at Picture Machine with me when I first started was an old sign painter, and he was out of work so he picked up tattooing because it was a way to use everything he learned in sign painting. And watching him draw letters was amazing. There was such a poetry to it.

You might be best known for being tattoo artist to the stars. Heath Ledger, Lady Gaga—huge names. How did you end up with that role? I think it's just geography. New York is such a crazy town. There are celebrities of all genres. When I first opened shop here I naturally developed a clientele of creative industry people and it just evolved, which is great. I'd rather people come to me because they saw work that they liked rather than they heard I tattooed some movie star last week. I think it's mostly just living in New York that perpetuated that. It's such an exciting town and everyone comes through here, and it's one of those cities that if you're really passionate about what you do and you're passionate about it, [the city] recognizes that."

So when did you set up shop in New York? I moved to New York in 2001 and worked at a couple shops here in town and ended up opening Saved in 2003. Now I've partnered up with Chris O'Donnell and he's part owner of the tattoo shop and helps me out. In the last couple of years I've taken on all of these other crazy art projects and collaborations

and I'm not here as much as I should be. Chris is someone I've always looked up to, so we tag team. When I'm not here he is, and vice versa.

You've developed a strong relationship with the fashion industry. Where did that start? I started tattooing Marc Jacobs early on, not too long after I opened the shop.

He has some pretty famous tattoos. Sponge Bob. Him as a Simpsons character. The red MGM. It's funny how many people I run into and it doesn't take long for them to be like, "So what the hell was Marc thinking?" They're everywhere. Now there's some ad campaign for cologne and I see him naked all over.

But back to the beginning. Before Marc, I tattooed a bunch of models and supermodels around town and I think that's how I got hooked up with Marc, actually. I tattooed a few of the models in his show and he liked the work. And Olivier Zahm from *Purple* is a good friend and he's all over fashion these days. And now I'm getting a lot of fashion industry attention for the whole Louis Vuitton collaboration.

Louis Vuitton is quite a departure from most tattoo-fashion collaborations. It's funny. I've had whatever degree of success with my fine artwork and I was really excited and had a couple of solo shows that sold out and got good reviews. And I really appreciate how rare that is and what an amaz-

ing opportunity I have to have the attention of the art world that I do. I really want to make sure I don't waste that and make sure I devote myself to putting good work out there. And I literally said I'm not doing any more commercial work—no collaborations, nothing. As soon as those words came out of my mouth the phone rang and it was Marc. That's the one you have to do. They have such an amazing history of collaborations with Murakami and Richard Prince and Stephen Sprouse. They don't do that many collaborations and the ones they do, they do right.

So what was the concept behind what you did for Louis Vuitton bags? They already had a concept in mind. They were focusing on this travel story so we ended up going two different directions. One was a lot of Asian themes, so it was traditional Asian tattoo imagery but with a sense of antiquity to it. And the other one was this military, almost jungle ornamental pattern. And then we did variations of those.

And then you did the models for the show. I did true tattoos on all the models for the runway show. That was fun. I'd done a lot of fake tattoos for film and photo shoots and stuff. It was fun to rough up all those pretty boy models for the day and give them a little bit of street cred.

This is about as far from tattooing next to a biker bar as you can get. What do you prefer? I miss the sweaty biker bar sometimes. I am toying with the idea of doing one day a week at some street shop under a different name just to get some more good stories. It's pretty surreal. There was a day two weeks ago I was in Afghanistan tattooing these Special Forces guys, and there was a day when I literally woke up on an Air Force base in Afghanistan, hitched a helicopter ride to the main base, and that evening was in a tuxedo at the Ritz Carlton in Moscow having dinner with Karl Lagerfeld. I really do try to still stay in touch with what I love about tattooing, though. Last year I spent a month down in Mexico tattooing a bunch of prisoners down in this Mexican prison, sitting in a jail cell with a bunch of guys making tattoo machines out of toothbrushes and guitar strings and Walkman motors. I try to get my hands dirty as much as possible to keep it real.

What do you get out of fine art that's different from tattooing? I've done art outside of tattooing for a while now, and it has exploded. Right now I'm just trying to keep up with it and not screw it up. When people think about tattoos the first thing that comes to mind is permanence. But now working in so many mediums, tattooing is the most ephemeral. As soon as you're done it walks out the door and it can get hit by a bus, it can go get a sunburn. So it's satisfying to take the vocabulary of tattoos and everything I've learned and carry it over to mediums that resonate a bit further and are a bit more archival than somebody's arm. But that's what makes tattoos amazing. There's no retail value and there's a sincerity there that makes them special. ■

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From left: Adam "The Kid," Katherine Mae, Chris Saint Clark, Brandon Henderson, Jonny Lashley.

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BY LANI BUESS
PORTRAIT AND INTERIOR PHOTO
BY CALEB KUHL

Chris Saint Clark wears many hats (among them ■ Shriner's fez): He's a member of the fraternal brotherhood of the Freemasons, he schools budding artists with seminars on black-and-gray realism, he helps out in disaster relief as ■ second lieutenant in the National Guard, and he opened up Nashville's Kustom Thrills Tattoo in 2007.

"I had the leadership mind-frame from the military to just take charge and do it, so that's what I did," says Clark of his shop, which was named the best place to get tattooed in Nashville three years running. "It was the greatest opportunity to push myself to an even higher level of tattooing. I wanted to lead by example. I wanted to be the shop owner. I wanted to be the man. I wanted everyone to know my name."

Clark wasn't always this confident, however. He almost gave up on becoming a tattoo artist after years of failed attempts to get an apprenticeship. It wasn't until a night out with tattoo artist friends in his native stomping grounds in Georgia that he met black-and-gray artist Tony Olivas, who asked Clark to stop by his shop, Sacred Heart, the next day.

"I was totally ecstatic and continued to celebrate

by doing shots," laughs Clark. "I got completely drunk to the point where Tony had to sign my credit card slip and fill out the tip for me." He celebrated so hard that he blacked out on the apprenticeship offer, but over the next two years working with Olivas, Clark demonstrated his worth by hanging on every word and studying every hand swipe.

Now the student has become the master. Clark recently released *The Holy Black and Gray*, which provides younger artists with techniques for composing realistic tattoos. "I was tired of being one of the people who wanted to learn more," says the tattoo artist, who offers seminars at conventions worldwide. "I've been in the industry long enough where I feel I can use my knowledge to be a leader."

As shop owner, Clark leads his team like "a big brother and a guidance counselor." "You've got to be all these things to all these people throughout the day," he says. "The biggest challenge is being a hard-core multitasker while being a professional tattoo artist."

Kustom Thrills' tattooers—Jonny Lashley, Adam "The Kid," Katherine Mae, and Brandon Henderson, who form what he affectionately dubs the



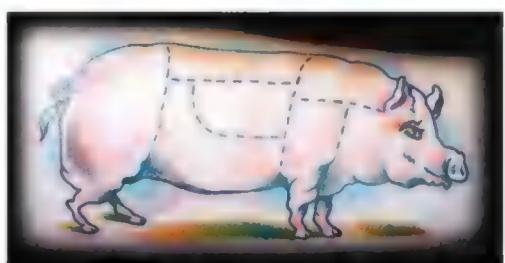
"Special Forces Team"—have made the hardships that come with owning a shop bearable. "I really feel like they would follow me into hell if I asked them," he says. "They work really hard for the shop as a whole and make it easier to deal with things."

But Clark isn't easy on his hand-picked entourage. Admittedly calling himself "picky," he requires excellence, which explains why he's turned away about 150 of the artists who have walked through his doors seeking work. "Everybody who works for me is an accomplished artist in their own right outside of tattooing," says Clark, whose shop also houses the Octane Gallery for lowbrow art. "I want really good people to surround myself with, number one, but they also have to have that really

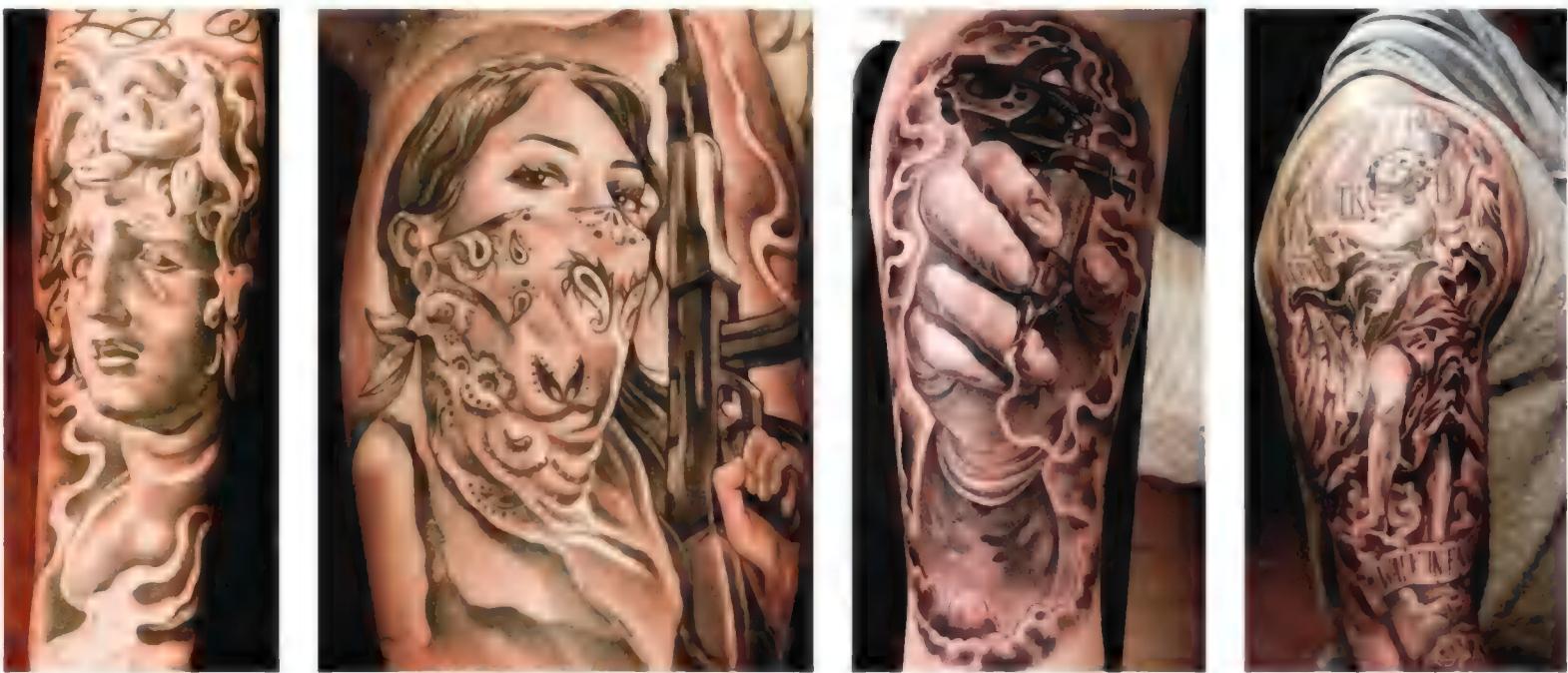
high level of artistic ability."

An eagerness to break boundaries as an artist brought Adam "The Kid" from Illinois to work at Kustom Thrills. After four years at Ken's Creative Tattoos, he was looking to move on. "I had to rely on my talents and as much as I could get out of books," says Adam of his start. "Coming here, the attitude was different toward art. The moving forward and always pushing that button and never being satisfied with where you're at, that's what I needed." Being the "best tattooer ever" is Adam's aim—a sentiment shared by Clark.

"I want to be known as a pioneer," Clark says. "I want to be known as one of the greats at tattooing." Though it seems like a rather lofty goal



in such a competitive industry, the ambitious and creative crew at Kustom Thrills intend to fight for the distinction. "If you're going to be a bear, be a grizzly bear," Clark says.



JUN CHA

FROM: ARUDIMA STUDIO AND

LOWRIDER TATTOO STUDIOS

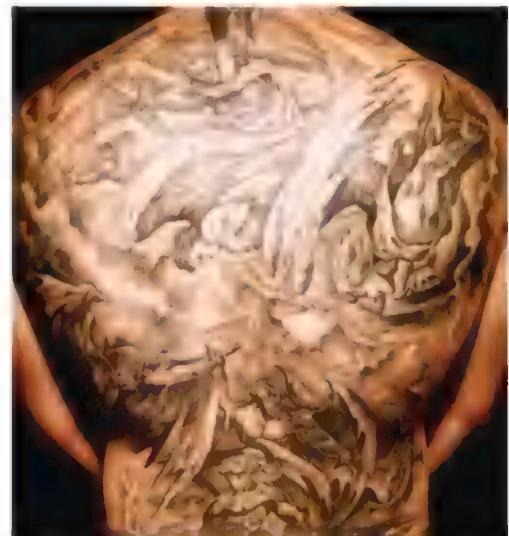
VISIT: ARUDIMA.COM

What do you like most about tattooing?

There's no other medium I've found that can create a dialogue as directly as tattooing, or focus my attention as intensely.

What do you think separates you as a tattoo artist? I would say hunger. What's defined me to this point is that I'm younger than most of the artists I know. I've been fortunate to learn from experienced people who've shown me the ruthless work ethic, discipline, and focus it takes to create a certain quality of work that I think is key to all the great tattoo artists today.

Are there any artists, tattoo or otherwise, who have influenced your work? Baby Ray helped create a strong mental foundation for my work. Jose Lopez has been a true friend and a constant guide in expanding my capabilities beyond my basic potential. Artists who I admire are Bob



Tyrell, Nikko Hurtado, Carlos Torres, Mister Cartoon, Chuey Quintanar, and many others in the realm of photography, design, and painting who have a unique way of communicating with people.

How do you feel about your recent fashion collaborations with The Hundreds and C1RCA?

Working with brands that contribute to the culture of tattoo and design is an honor.

Where do you see yourself in 10 years? I see myself completely dedicated to giving back to the arts. Everything that I do is focused on core aspects of art, whether it's fine art, illustration, tattooing, or design, and hopefully I can create opportunities within those fields for the next young generation of artists that weren't necessarily provided to me. The creative will shouldn't be kept secret—it should be shared for all. And the focus should be the craft, not the commercialization.

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NAME: Jenna Von Fury

SHOP MANAGER AT: Tattoo Nation, Wayne, NJ

My first job at the shop is to make sure none of my artists burn the place down. But, really, I'm a shop girl—I do all the work that doesn't help me get laid, like taking out the garbage. It's not a bad gig.

We've been located in the Willowbrook Mall, in Wayne, NJ, for a little over four years. My artists have been tattooing for seven or more years all throughout the tri-state area. Like the man said, "Our work speaks for itself." We're here to put out great tattoos; that's what we do.

The mall is always interesting, but the best is when security guards corner kids they catch stealing right in front of the shop. The shoplifters have no place to go so they jump off the second story balcony.



Know a stellar shop assistant who keeps the autoclave humming and the tattoo stations organized? E-mail us at shopgirl@inkedmag.com.



THE REAL DEAL



DAYTON OHIO TATTOO ARTISTS NICK HARRISON, MUNKEY LEE, & KYLE COTTERMAN

The art of tattooing has gone through an enormous amount of changes over the years. The progression of styles has went in several directions and many young tattoo artists have become highly sought after for the way they execute their particular style. It's very much how rock and roll became categorized into rock, hard rock, metal, alternative, emo, goth, you name it there's a category. The same holds true for tattooing. In tattooing you have traditional, fine-line, new school, bio-mech, japanese, tribal, and so on, and there's many young tattoo artists that are highly sought after for the styles that they've created and unleashed onto the tattoo community.

This is particularly true for three young tattoo artists from Dayton, Ohio. These guys are Nick Harrison, Kyle Cotterman, and Munkey Lee of **TRUTH AND TRIUMPH//SMARTBOMB** tattoo. They have been pushing the limits of the tattoo trade with their signature approach and unique style of realistic tattooing. If you are involved with tattooing in any shape or form then you well know that realism has taken the industry by storm, becoming an increasingly popular genre to emulate by tattooers both young and old. Because of this, the realism game has become a highly

competitive one, and has made it very difficult for this particular style of artist to stand out.

Difficult or not, these three kings have done a fantastic job of being first pick from the crowd. Kyle Cotterman has developed an international following of both tattoo artists and collectors alike. His travels and long list of accomplishments have earned him a reputation that most tattooers strive for yet will never achieve. "Kyle's style and approach to tattooing has been a huge influence on me," says Nick of **SMARTBOMB TATTOO**. "I tattoo the way I do today," Nick continues, "because of the countless hours of watching Kyle." "He's taught me a lot. Before I worked here, I always had been a big fan of Kyle's work," says Munkey of **TRUTH AND TRIUMPH TATTOO**.

Anyone who gets tattooed by this top notch tattoo trio can be sure to expect world class service every time. "Kyle, Nick and Munkey's work has really evolved since they've been with us," says shop owner Brian Brenner. "When we were editing the photos for the website, I couldn't tell if some of the photos were Nick's, Munkey's, or Kyle's. They're all so talented. If it's realism you're after, look no further!"



TATTOOS ABOVE : NICK HARRISON

WWW.TATTOOEDTV.COM // WWW.TRUTHANDTRIUMPHTATTOO.COM

TATTOOS ABOVE : MUNKEY LEE

TATTOOS ABOVE : KYLE COTTERMAN

WWW.SMARTBOMBTATTOO.COM



SAILOR JERRY X INKED NYC PIN-UP PARTY

We teamed up with Sailor Jerry to shoot the hottest inked women on the planet as vintage vixens for the 2011 Sailor Jerry Pin-Up Calendar. It gets better: Then with friends like Karen O from the Yeah Yeah Yeahs, the pin-up models, a set by The John Spencer Blues Explosion, and Sailor Jerry cocktails, we celebrated the release. For more photos go to inkedmag.com.

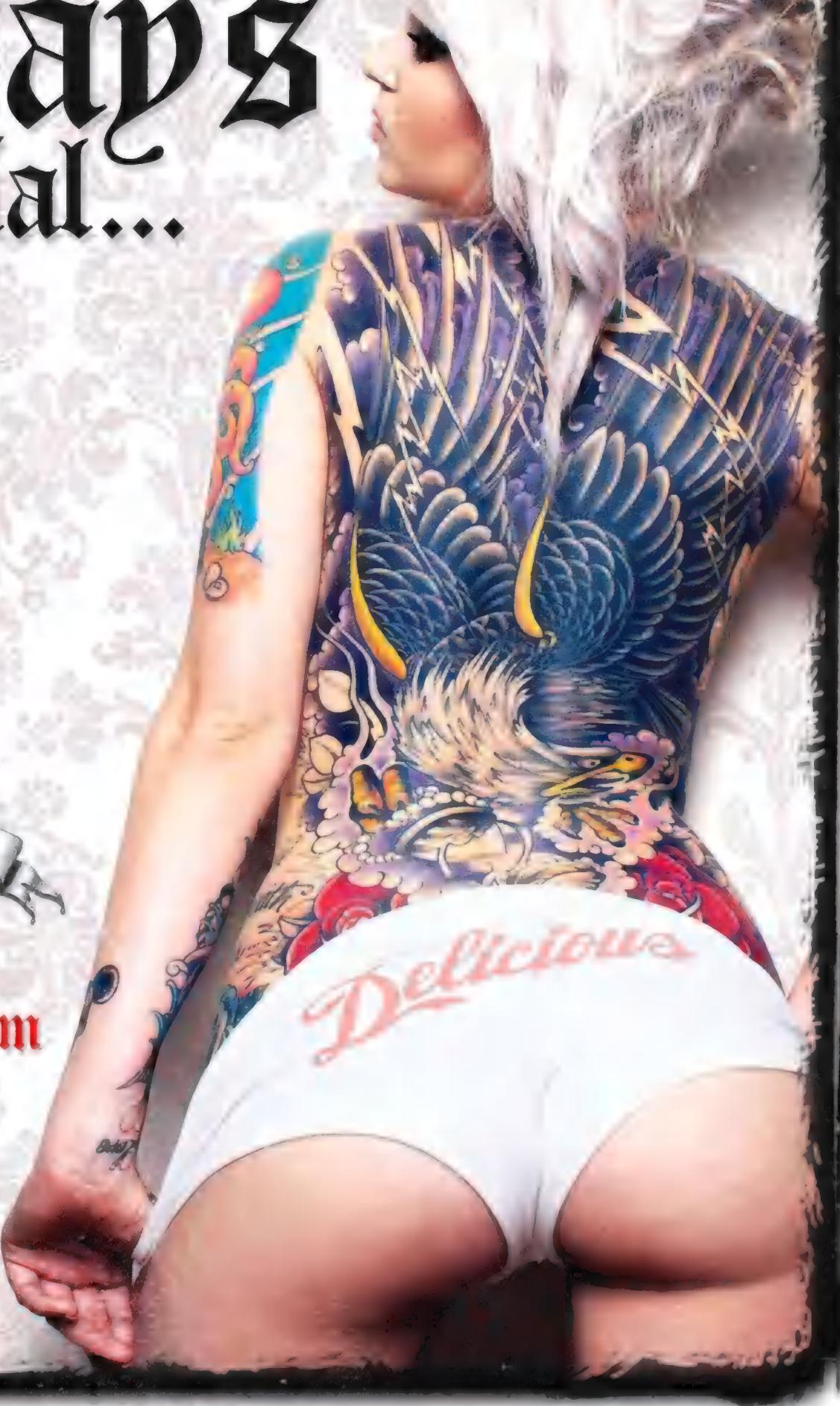


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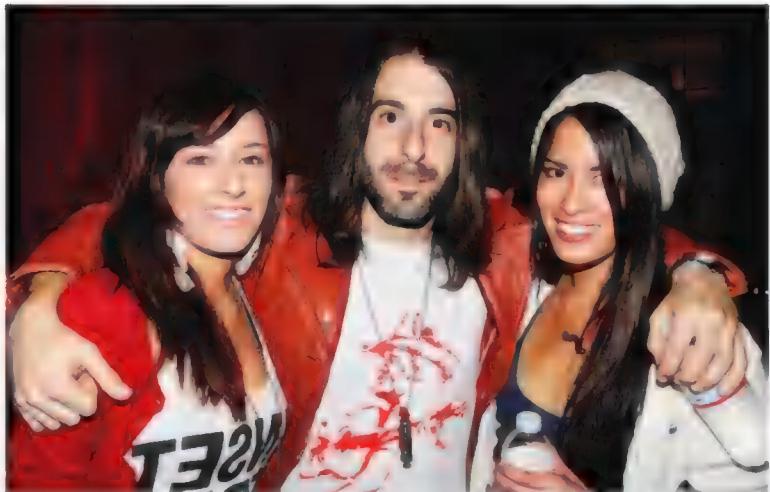
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MEMOIR'S ONE-YEAR ANNIVERSARY

Kim Saigh and Shawn Barber threw a kick-ass party in honor of Memoir Tattoo's one-year anniversary and Barber's 40th birthday. In the past year, the shop on L.A.'s Beverly Boulevard has also hosted artists Hannah Aitchison, Henry Lewis, and Terry Ribera. On hand to celebrate were Dan Smith and Corey Miller, among others. For more photos go to inkedmag.com.





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LADIES, LADIES! AT TATTOO CULTURE

On December 10, it was ladies' night at the Tattoo Culture Gallery. Brooklyn's bastion of creativity displayed Ladies, Ladies!, which featured the works of over 50 talents, among them Juli Moon, Vyvyn Lazonga, Amanda Toy, Virginia Elwood, Pat Sinatra, Debra Yarian, Stephanie Tamez, Kari Barba, and Debbie Lenz.

For more photos go to inkedmag.com.



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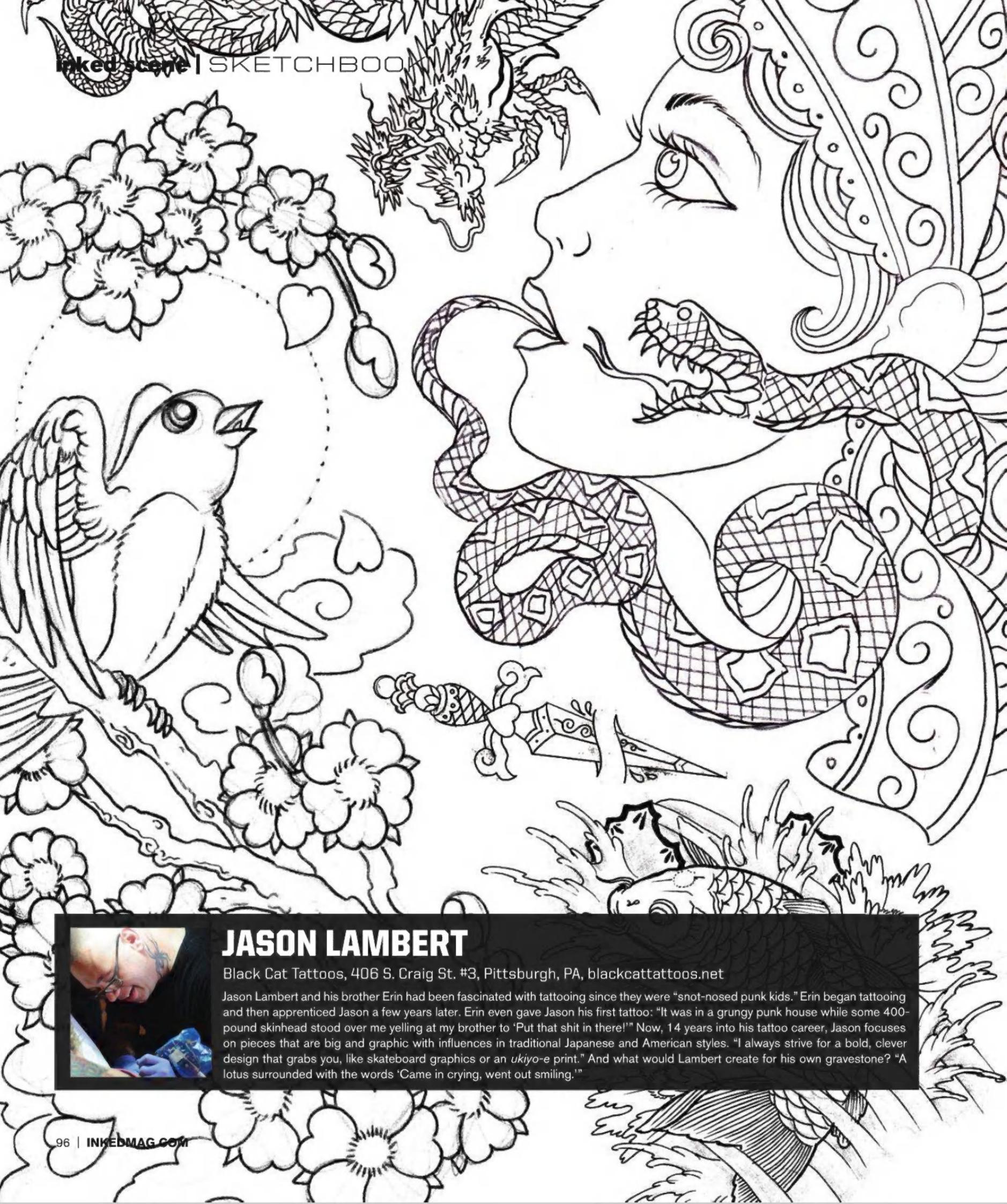
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JASON LAMBERT

Black Cat Tattoos, 406 S. Craig St. #3, Pittsburgh, PA, blackcattattoos.net

Jason Lambert and his brother Erin had been fascinated with tattooing since they were "snot-nosed punk kids." Erin began tattooing and then apprenticed Jason a few years later. Erin even gave Jason his first tattoo: "It was in a grungy punk house while some 400-pound skinhead stood over me yelling at my brother to 'Put that shit in there!'" Now, 14 years into his tattoo career, Jason focuses on pieces that are big and graphic with influences in traditional Japanese and American styles. "I always strive for a bold, clever design that grabs you, like skateboard graphics or an *ukiyo-e* print." And what would Lambert create for his own gravestone? "A lotus surrounded with the words 'Came in crying, went out smiling.'"



 HARTANDHUNTINGTON.COM

PHOTO COURTESY: SEAN HARTGROVE

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